

# The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
LIBRARY

JUN 4 1959

CHICAGO



'A very old man in a turban with a long white beard sat cross-legged on the ground, drawing the designs for ornamental brass plates': a scene in Bokhara, from Sir Fitzroy Maclean's B.B.C. television programme 'The Road to Samarkand' (see page 881)

## From Gettysburg to Little Rock

By Arthur S. Link

## The New Australians

By Christopher Ralling

## Man and His Maker

By J. P. Corbett

## Cool on the Kuhberg

By Reyner Banham

## Life at a Medieval Court

By John Charlton

## Seeking New Sources of Power

By Robert Latham

Alan Clutton-Brock  
on Art

Goronwy Rees  
on New Novels

Deryck Cooke  
on Music

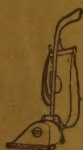
*Do you run a home?*



**LOOK AROUND YOU . . .**

**LOOK AT ALL THE THINGS THAT  
MAKE RUNNING A HOME A BIT  
EASIER THAN IT USED TO BE**

The tins of food in your cupboard, for instance; your modern cooker; your vacuum cleaner. Think of things like the refrigerator, the washing machine and the TV that are all part of the familiar pattern of modern living.



We at The Steel Company of Wales have a direct interest in you running your home. This is because all of these things are made from steel in one form or another. And we make steel, a very great deal of it.



#### CITY OF STEEL

Steel sheet and tinplate from this vast City of Steel go, of course, direct to the manufacturers; those companies which make the many kinds of everyday things you have in your home or see and use outside it. All the

household appliances, the prams and bicycles, the motorcars and tractors—even the dustbins!

#### OUR LINK WITH YOU

But in the long run *you* buy or use, in some way, these finished products of our steel. So there is our link. That is why we see to it that our steel sheet and tinplate are of the right kind—and at a competitive price—to suit the manufacturer's needs and, ultimately, your needs. If you happen to run a home you will know what we mean.



**THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED**

*This is Broadsheet No. 13 from the City of Steel*

# The Listener

Vol. LXI. No. 1573

Thursday May 21 1959

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

## CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:		SCIENCE:	
From Gettysburg to Little Rock (Arthur S. Link) ...	871	Seeking New Sources of Power (Robert Latham) ...	888
The New Australians (Christopher Ralling) ...	873	B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 890	
First Impressions of Geneva (Thomas Barman) ...	875	BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ... 895	
THE LISTENER:		THEATRE:	
My Dear Holmes ...	876	The Theatre in Hungary Today (André van Gyseghem) ... 896	
What They Are Saying (Derrick Sington) ...	876	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		From Lord Winster, Sidney Miller, Michael Kelly, W. Baring Pemberton, H. J. Ewart, E. Shearer, Diana Kemp, and Rigby Graham ... 897	
St. Lawrence Seaway (Neal Ascherson) ...	877	LITERATURE:	
Centenary of Jerome K. Jerome (Michael Barratt) ...	877	The Listener's Book Chronicle ... 899	
Brother of Napoleon (Dorothy Vinter) ...	878	New Novels (Goronwy Rees) ... 902	
The Blacksmith's Hammer (Peter Lawson) ...	878	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
RELIGION:		Television Documentary (K. W. Gransden) ... 904	
Man and his Maker (J. P. Corbett) ...	879	Television Drama (Ivor Brown) ... 905	
TRAVEL:		Sound Drama (Ian Rodger) ... 905	
The Road to Samarkand (Sir Fitzroy Maclean) ...	881	The Spoken Word (David Paul) ... 906	
The Holiday Spirit—IV. Being There (J. B. Boothroyd) ...	893	Broadcast Music (Scott Goddard) ... 906	
ART:		MUSIC:	
Cool on the Kuhberg (Rayner Banham) ...	884	Bruckner—the Second Stage (Deryck Cooke) ... 908	
Round the London Galleries (Alan Clutton-Brock) ...	898	SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 911	
POEMS:		NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 911	
Cock with Red Neck (Hilary Corke) ...	885	CROSSWORD NO. 1,512 ... 911	
Spring Evening in Catalonia (Hal Summers) ...	889		
HISTORY:			
Life at a Medieval Court (John Charlton) ...	886		

## From Gettysburg to Little Rock

ARTHUR S. LINK on racial desegregation and the American Constitution

IN certain parts of the United States, particularly in that area known as the Deep South, one hears a great deal of talk nowadays about 'interposition' and 'massive resistance' by the States to federal authority. Echoes of this controversy are plainly heard round the world, and not least of all in Britain. To Americans unaware of the subtleties of the constitutional issues involved, it is all enormously confusing; to a people accustomed, as the British are, to acknowledging the unquestioned supremacy of their national legislature, the present controversy in the United States must have a certain unreal aspect. What is it all about?

There is an authentic social and constitutional crisis in progress in the United States, one nearly as momentous in its issues and outcome as the crisis that rent the American Union in the eighteenth-fifties and culminated in the formation of the Confederate States of America in 1861. The present controversy has not developed merely because bad men have set out to resist wise and beneficent federal policies. There are real and serious differences on both sides.

The conflict began five years ago, on May 17, 1954, when the Supreme Court, in a decision rendered in what is popularly called the 'schools' case, boldly decreed that enforced segregation of Negro and white children in State schools violated the guarantee of equal protection by the law embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

The first consequence was the immediate abolition, without any great furore and with considerable success, of segregated school systems in most of the Border States and the District of Columbia, and a beginning, reluctant though it often was, of voluntary com-

pliance with the Court's decree in most of the Upper South. However, the most important consequence of the 'schools' decision was the social and constitutional crisis, which came to a head quickly as leaders and peoples in Virginia and the entire tier of deep southern States from South Carolina to Louisiana set out to thwart the Supreme Court's implied demand for racial integration of the public schools.

The techniques and methods of defiance have been varied and ingenious. State legislatures have denounced the Supreme Court's action and adopted resolutions of so-called 'interposition', invoking the sovereignty of the State as a shield against the federal authorities and forbidding local school boards to obey the federal district courts when they attempted to enforce the Supreme Court's decree. Private white groups have joined the fight by using economic and social pressure to dissuade Negroes from attempting to enrol their children in white schools. In a few cases extremists have resorted to violence.

In the main, however, Virginian and deep southern resistance has, happily, taken a non-violent form—in the resort by State legislatures to what has been called 'massive resistance' to the Supreme Court. This, in brief, has meant reliance upon legal stratagems, like the adoption of laws to harry or outlaw the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, or the use of new methods to achieve segregation, methods not based, ostensibly, upon race. The most important technique of 'massive resistance', however, has been the adoption of laws by Virginia and all the deep southern States providing for what amounts to the automatic closing of any public school or State college that

admits a single Negro pupil. Until recently, this 'massive resistance' has been very massive indeed: it has meant the actual closing of a number of high schools in Virginia and of the large high school in Little Rock.

In this way the latest version of the American Civil War has proceeded during the past five years. But how, one might ask, can it happen? How is it possible to have such open conflict in a political system based on a Constitution which solemnly affirms that it—and, by implication and tradition, federal court decisions interpreting it—are the 'supreme law of the land'?

The answer is not to be found by saying that it has happened because Americans are a lawless people, although there are historic reasons in the American experience for a tendency toward resistance to organized authority. Lawlessness, real or imagined, has little to do with the present defiant southern attitude. The fact is that the southern leaders in the present crisis have themselves chosen to make their fight in the legal and constitutional arenas; and they have for the most part emphatically repudiated appeals to violence. The reasons for the present social and constitutional crisis go deeper than this; they stem from tensions and differences that are almost inevitable given the character of the American society and constitutional system.

### A Huge Continental Empire

Tensions are almost bound to arise when the federal Congress or Supreme Court in Washington sets out to impose uniform economic or social policies upon a continental empire as huge and diverse as is the United States of America. The United States is a nation, to be sure, but a nation unlike any Western European State. It is, obviously, a country inhabited by peoples from the ends of the earth, and in particular by some 15,000,000 people of African or part-African descent who for various historical reasons have been set largely apart or maintain themselves in a kind of voluntary isolation from the mainstreams of American social life. Needless to say, social homogeneity such as binds the people of France or of England has never been a characteristic of the United States. Nor has economic or political homogeneity, for the United States is a confederation not even of states but of great sections that are often very diverse in their economies and ways of life.

Historically, government on a continental scale has been possible in America only because the majority sections or interests have been able to agree on certain policies, whether on tariffs, finances, land policies, slavery, or whether to go to war or remain at peace. But this has often meant that the majority sections or interests were combining to impose their will upon the minority sections and interests. Sometimes this was the actual intention of the majority; at other times it occurred simply because the laws of the United States could usually make no provision for sectional differences.

The struggle of the sections for control of Congress and hence of national legislative policies, and the resistance of the minority to alleged aggression by the majority have together been one of the strongest and most persistent themes in American history. This type of conflict began as soon as the first Congress assembled in New York in 1789. It continued with unvarying force until the Civil War, when it broke out into actual fighting. In spite of the verdict of that war it continued with nearly undiminished furore. To cite one example, there was the Populist movement of the eighteen-nineties, that great uprising led by such odd characters as 'Sockless Jerry' Simpson of Iowa and Tom Watson of Georgia, and above all by the so-called Boy Orator of the Platte, William Jennings Bryan. It united southern and western farmers in a drive to wrest control of the federal government from the eastern business men, who had till then successfully opposed agrarian demands for inflation through the free coinage of silver, and for railroad regulation and action against industrial monopoly. Then there was the violent controversy of the nineteen-twenties over the liquor question, one that saw the urban East and Middle West pitted in defiant opposition against the rural areas which had imposed the Eighteenth Amendment and were determined to enforce it.

In virtually every instance of such conflict the minority has sought protection in the only way that is peacefully possible in the American federal system: by invoking state sovereignty in

defence of local interests, and then either by nullifying federal laws or policies outright or by simply refusing to obey them. Every section, north and south, east and west, has done this at one time or another. The New England States, for example, opposed the war with Great Britain in 1812 nearly to the point of secession. South Carolina successfully nullified a high tariff law in 1832 and forced Congress to retreat from a policy of extreme protection. Many northern States nullified a law requiring them to co-operate in the return of fugitive slaves to their southern masters in the eighteen-fifties. New York, Maryland, Wisconsin, and other urban States successfully nullified the Eighteenth Amendment.

### Rights of All Citizens

But none of the sectional conflicts since 1865 has upset the decision of the Civil War. The complete victory of the North put an end for all time to the long argument about the ultimate supremacy of the Government in Washington and the indestructibility of the Union. Moreover, the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment established a national citizenship and gave all citizens, white and black alike, certain rights which the States could not deny.

On the other hand, it is equally important to remember that the Civil War obviously did not put an end to sectional conflicts, and that the Fourteenth Amendment did not establish any machinery for its own enforcement. The Supreme Court interprets that amendment, and the inferior federal courts find no difficulty in enforcing the Supreme Court's decisions when only private individuals are involved. The rub comes when a State is involved in a suit, for in spite of all theory, there is simply no practical way for the federal courts to coerce the legislature or Governor of a State. Nor can the President practise such coercion. He might, as President Eisenhower did in Little Rock, use troops to prevent the violent obstruction of a federal court order. But he could not use troops to put the members of the Arkansas legislature or Governor Faubus in prison; at least he could not do this without utterly destroying the American federal system and wrecking the Constitution. What this means is that there are times when the normal processes of federal relations break down and impasse ensues; in the present crisis, that there is really no way in which the federal government can compel a State to operate integrated schools.

To be sure, this kind of an impasse is a desperate one indeed and is not likely to occur often because no responsible leader will want it to happen. It has occurred during the past five years because of the nature of the issues involved. In the eyes of the white leaders and people of the lower South, where American Negroes are most numerous, the 'schools' decision meant nothing less than the assertion by an arm of the federal government of the right to control social relations that have been traditionally regarded as lying within the competence of the locality and State. To these same people it meant judicial usurpation of the choice of policies that should be made by representatives of the people. To them it was, finally, 'unconstitutional', in so far as any decision of the Supreme Court can be unconstitutional, because the same Court that outlawed segregation in the State schools in 1954 had since 1896 affirmed the constitutionality of segregation.

### Resolving the Crisis

The big question is: How and when will the crisis be resolved? No one can predict the ultimate outcome with any certainty. Historically, resisting minorities in the United States have succeeded more often than they have failed, and it would be naïve to say that the lower South will accept integration as a matter of course. Much depends upon the Supreme Court itself, upon whether it will be content to begin with what must be only a token integration in most deep southern communities and a gradual process of integration in the future. A great deal depends, also, upon the men who control the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, upon whether they have the patience to move slowly and to refuse to press for all constitutional rights at once. Much depends upon the northern so-called liberals in Congress and upon the President of the United States, present and future, upon whether they will deal with this question

soberly and responsibly or in such a way as to win votes.

In the long run, however, the ultimate solution must depend upon the southern people themselves, white and black alike, upon whether they can work together as constructively in the future as they have done in the past. There are, indeed, now many signs that the processes of mutual accommodation are already at work in the States that have been committed to 'massive resistance.' The recent decision by Governor Almond of Virginia to submit to a limited integration in his State has shown that 'massive' is not as massive in its meaning as it once seemed. There are, also, signs that the white leaders and peoples in the large cities of the Deep South—in Atlanta and New Orleans, for example—are prepared to accept and work for a limited degree of integration in preference to the closing of their schools.

As for the future, I think it can be said without undue optimism that the most powerful traditions of the American experience are almost bound to operate gradually but inexorably to produce a solution acceptable to the entire country. Our current obsession with the Civil War of 1861 to 1865 is understandable, for it was a tragedy of momentous grandeur. But it does obscure a fact that is considerably more important than the occurrence of that war, namely, that the American people have usually contrived to get on together without violent conflict in spite of their economic diversity and lack of any real social homogeneity. And this has been true because the American people, with one great exception, have chosen compromise over conflict in every important domestic crisis in their history. That is to say, the majority in the final showdown

refused to push the minority to desperate resistance; more than this, the majority won the consent of the minority to the adoption of national policies by yielding on measures that seemed to threaten the minority's vital interests or security. This was true during the controversy over Missouri's admission to the Union as a Slave State in 1819-1820, over Nullification of the Tariff Act in South Carolina in 1832-1833, over slavery in the territories in 1850, over Reconstruction policies in 1877, and even over the question of monetary inflation in 1896 and prohibition in the nineteen-twenties. It will most likely be true in the future, as southern and northern leaders continue the historic quest for a compromise by which the sections can continue to live in harmony.

There is an additional reason for my somewhat hopeful and perhaps rash prediction. It is the all-important fact that 1959 is not 1861. There will, assuredly, be no secession, no organized southern resistance, in short no real second American Civil War. The verdict of 1865 stands unchallenged. No one in the South, not even the most extreme advocate of State rights, is talking or even thinking in terms of 1861, nor are they likely to unless the situation becomes incredibly desperate. In brief, the advocates of 'massive resistance' know that their long-run hopes lie in compromise, not in an impossible resistance. And given the nature of constitutional things in America, this compromise must include at least a limited acceptance of integration by the States of the Deep South. When and if this happens, then the second American Civil War will end in the general draw of a Gettysburg without the agony of the surrender at Appomattox.—*Third Programme*

## The New Australians

By CHRISTOPHER RALLING

**A**USTRALIA might claim to be the newest and oldest country in the world. I call it the oldest because the north-west corner of this land mass has been above water for 1,600,000,000 years; and the people who lived there, the aborigines, are certainly one of the races that could serve as a common ancestor for all mankind.

But if you were to go to Australia, neither of those colossal facts would make much impact on your daily life. You would be most unlikely to settle in the north-west (that is the emptiest part of this empty continent); and if you saw any aborigines at all, they would probably be the neglected remnants of a tribe, living in shacks (which the Australians call humpies or wurlies) strictly on the outskirts of town, away from the bars, the cinemas, and the swimming pools: a broken people; one of the saddest sights on earth.

It is with newness, not age, that you would be most concerned if you went there. Newness, rawness, emptiness; the things you have half heard about Australia and wonder whether you could ever learn to live

with. Newness: it means dust that no one can afford to fight; it means some of the roughest roads in the world, that no one can afford to improve; it means a complete absence of the mellow quality of Europe, where buildings and landscape have a mature relationship with each other.

But in Australia, it means something rather more complicated as well; something rather unexpected. Some weeks ago I saw a man carrying a placard down the main street of Ballarat in the State of Victoria. Written on the placard were the words

'Is Civilization Enough?' The town of Ballarat is quite rich in historical associations, by Australian standards. Of all the 'gold rush' towns, it is certainly the most famous. It was here that the diggers banded themselves together at Eureka Stockade and staged a miniature revolution that was ruthlessly suppressed. But they struck a blow for individual freedom that Australians will never forget. At that time fairly loose attitudes to life hardened into national characteristics that are now worn proudly on everyone's lapel: a



'Newness, rawness, emptiness . . . a complete absence of the mellow quality of Europe': a town in Australia's Northern Territory

healthy disregard for authority, and sticking by your mate through thick and thin.

But, in spite of all this, Ballarat still wears a temporary look. A stranger has the feeling that the people are just camping under their corrugated iron roofs, ready to move on at the next cry of 'Gold!' Against such a background there was something slightly comical, to European eyes, about this man and his placard. It looked as if the question was being asked a few generations too soon. Parisians might profitably ask themselves whether civilization is enough. But Ballarat, or any other prosperous Australian town, stands, one might think, for something different. The political and material battles have already been won. The ground has been cleared for the biggest and fastest experiment in migration going on in the world today. These people are not going to Australia in search of civilization. What most of them want is freedom of one kind or another.

### 'Accomplished Liberty'

Yet, when D. H. Lawrence went to Australia more than thirty years ago, he said something which should be enough to make anyone pause before he packs his bags: 'What', he asked, 'is more hopelessly uninteresting than accomplished liberty?' It is true that Australia is superficially uninteresting. There is no variety in the accent from one side of the country to the other; there is little change in the architecture except to meet tropical conditions. In North Queensland, they build the same style of house as they do in Melbourne, but they build on stilts to let the cool air circulate and keep out the snakes. And when I inquired about an Australian national dish, I was recommended to try a 'floater', which turned out to be a meat pie floating in a dish of green pea soup, capped with a dollop of tomato ketchup. The dullness comes from a lack of eccentricity, which is usually a self-conscious attempt to be different; and there is nothing firmly established in Australia to be different from. It is all too new.

But Lawrence meant something still more profoundly uninteresting even than this, which he called 'a slovenly refusal to care about anything'. This is certainly an aspect of the Australian character that has puzzled many people since. For instance, there seems to be an almost callous disregard for the rate of accidents that occur on level crossings, many of which still have no gates or warning lights of any kind. 'She'll do' is a piece of national slang which means that a job of work is not perfect, but good enough. But there is also a studied disinterest in the affairs of the rest of the world. What Lawrence meant (what he could not help meaning) was that Australians refuse to care about the things he cared about, particularly things European. The fact is, however objective we may think we are being, however passive, tolerant, receptive, our minds and eyes have been conditioned to see and act along certain lines. A European skin is not something that can be shed in a day.

I found the clearest proof of this when I first saw some representative Australian painting in the Melbourne Art Gallery. It was an astonishing sight. The early artists, who remembered the lush green meadows of England, not only sought out similar subjects in Australia, but painted them in a typical English light, so that they look like imi-

tations of Constable and Stubbs. It has taken many years, many more than one would think, for Australian artists to discover the peculiar beauty of their own landscape, and render it with the unique hardness and brightness of Australian light. Willy-nilly, it seems, we travel with the old world on our backs.

When I saw corrugated iron in Australia, I found it cheap, ugly and impermanent, a hideous blight on the landscape. On two occasions I found myself gently led aside, first by a painter, then by an architect, and told, in effect, that I had been looking at the rusty old stuff with the eyes of a European. To the Australian it is not like that at all. The sound of rain beating on corrugated iron was the music of his childhood. It reflects the worst of the sun's heat by day, and cools quickly at night. It gives him his precious water supply. In fact, corrugated iron has become part of the pattern of his life; of his, but not of mine.

So here is the paradox. Today in Australia you will find two ill-defined groups, each at the worst resenting and at best finding it hard to accept the newness of the other.

The typical old-type Australian, as most people picture him, is long and lank and brown, leaning up against the bar of a saloon, listening to a race commentary. He has worked hard in the open to clear some land; he has put up some fences in his time; and he reckons he has just about reached the end of his furrow. A map of the world seen through this man's eyes would make an interesting sight indeed. England would be an island just off the Australian mainland, rather like New Zealand on the other side. Europe would be much nearer than Asia, but still a very long way off. All that is what he came to get away from, or his father did before him. It has taken him a long time to shake off his European skin, but he has done it. He is a new man, who now takes the tempo of his life from the land in which he lives. He feels that he is just about ready to produce a culture of his own, to give universal ideas a local Australian flavour. But now the sluice gates that were holding back the old world have been raised again. A new flood of migrants is pouring in, no longer predominantly from Britain, welcomed by all the political parties, and at a rate that the country has never experienced before.

### Cold Water to the Cauldron

These are the people who are called New Australians, a term which has already collected about itself the subtle overtones of prejudice. But it is not really their newness, it is the many traces of the old that they bring with them that cause the friction. Each new migrant ship seems like a further bucketload of cold water poured into the Australian cauldron, a cauldron which steadily refuses to bubble.

Moreover, the New Australians have a tendency to swell the overgrown cities and move into the secondary occupations such as advertising, catering, and hire purchase; enterprises which would not be flourishing if the pioneering work, the ditching and fencing and stock raising, had not been done already.

These post-war migrants bring with them a fund of goodwill towards the country that is so prepared to adopt them. I believe they are hardly ever resented as individuals; the very act of coming is selective. Nevertheless they stand for change. Many older Australians are returned Servicemen, who



'Corrugated iron has become part of the Australian's life'; 'Emus in a Landscape', a painting by Russell Drysdale

said to themselves in a hundred slit trenches in Italy and France: 'After the war we can leave all this behind, and live our lives the way we like, in a land that has never been scarred by war'. Now they find that the old world has followed them home to roost. It has come to share their vision and stayed to change it.

The old type Australian is wrong in clinging to a view of his country that is already out of date. The days of the first settlement are over; the second settlement has begun. But, after a year there, I am inclined to think that the question on that man's placard in Ballarat was a pertinent one. Civilization, European civilization, may not be enough to bring to the land of Australia. It has a way of rising up and sweeping away the unsuitable trappings of man in fire and flood. Thousands of years ago, natural creatures learned to adapt themselves to this hard country. Emus,

wombats, wallabies, are found nowhere else in the world. Over 400 of Australia's 600-odd species of bird are unique. There are fish there that can survive for months in the mud of a dried-up river; and frogs that take in a year's water supply at one gulp.

A hundred years ago, a man named Samuel Sidney listed some of the qualities a man needed in Australia:

Action is the first requisite of a colonist—to be able to do anything, to need the least possible assistance, to have the knack of making shift—and being contented. These are the golden talents.

Even today, in spite of television, and in spite of cities with 2,000,000 people, I would say that these are still 'the golden talents'.—*European Services*

## First Impressions of Geneva

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

I THINK it is possible at this stage\* to say something about the tone and the atmosphere of the Geneva conference—about what the French call the *ambiance*. Those of us who have reported other four-power conferences—and I have reported them all since the end of the war—all feel that this time there is something different: things are not the same as they were in Stalin's day, and even not quite the same as they were in 1955. We had Mr. Molotov in those days, apparently insensitive to his surroundings, coldly and calmly insulting, an endless stream of words pouring from his thin lips, all apparently calculated to wound or to irritate. Or Mr. Vyshinsky, trying to be humorous in a heavy-handed sort of way at times, but usually on the boil, with a lava of vituperation always on tap. And there were other awkward customers. It came to be known as a new diplomacy—the diplomacy of public speeches and invective.

There has been nothing of that kind this time—at least, not yet. The Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Gromyko, has been amiable and conciliatory. I do not mean to say that the Soviet position has weakened in any way, or that the Soviet delegation is on the point of making some enormous concession—it is not that at all. Mr. Gromyko continues to defend Soviet policy with great firmness and skill, but he is calm and friendly and conciliatory—urbane, in short, and that is something new. It may be the result of the new spirit of confidence that prevails in Russia now, or it may just be that the Russian leaders have discovered that invective is not good enough—at least, if you want to impress public opinion.

So, for its first week, this Geneva conference has reverted to the old-fashioned ways—the old-fashioned kind of diplomacy, where people tended to remain polite no matter how wide the differences that separated them. To that extent, then, the conference is on the lines that Mr. Macmillan has been working for—a diplomatic occasion, a conference at which real negotiations are possible, a conference that still has too much publicity about it, but without the noise and the passion to which we have grown accustomed since the end of the war.

It is not that the temptation has been removed to make grand and boisterous speeches; it is still there. The splendid conference machinery supplied by the United Nations and the Swiss authorities is all ready to go into action if anybody felt a sudden desire to make a splash. An ordinary gathering of Foreign Ministers in the League of Nations building here is more like a mass meeting in the Albert Hall than a diplomatic conference. There are six delegations in the conference room, and each delegation has the right to have twenty people there—that makes 120 in all. With the interpreters and United Nations secretaries you might easily have 150 people in the room.

Of course, it is impossible to conduct critical negotiations in full view of an audience of that size. The temptation is to strike attitudes: the fact that this has not happened—at least, not yet—is in itself encouraging. The Russian news conferences, incident-

ally, are models of efficiency; they are still rather slow with their translations, but their reports from the conference room are factual and informative. The Russian spokesmen make a real attempt to answer questions. On important occasions they produce important people: one day this week they had a Deputy Foreign Minister there, Mr. Zorin, to answer questions. The Russian news conferences now tend to have bigger audiences than those of any other delegation. How important all this is going to be in the next two or three weeks, it is impossible to say.

The facts themselves are interesting enough. There is no need, at least in these early days, to draw any conclusions. And the facts are these: in the conference room the Russians are as courteous as any other delegation. In their dealings with the reporters and correspondents they are at least as efficient as any other delegation, and it does seem as if Mr. Gromyko has at least the same freedom of manoeuvre as his colleagues round the table.

—*'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)*

### 'THE LISTENER'

next week will be a

### SUMMER BOOK NUMBER

Among the books reviewed will be the following:

The Business of Criticism. By Helen Gardner

Reviewed by Sir Herbert Read

The Art of French Fiction. By Martin Turnell

Reviewed by Alan Pryce-Jones

Social Science and Social Pathology. By Barbara Wootton

Reviewed by W. J. H. Spratt

Modigliani: Man and Myth. By Jeanne Modigliani

Reviewed by Benedict Nicolson

Smolensk Under Soviet Rule. By Merle Fainsod

Reviewed by Hugh Seton-Watson

Shakespeare and the Artist. By W. Moelwyn Merchant

Reviewed by Oliver Millar

# The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1959

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

## My Dear Holmes

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, the private detective whom Scotland Yard consulted, was born 100 years ago this week. Born in Edinburgh, of Irish Roman Catholic descent, Conan Doyle practised medicine in Southsea but soon made such a success with the writing of fiction that he was able to give up his practice, although he served with distinction in the South African war. Towards the end of his life he devoted himself to spiritualism, and died in 1930. It is questionable if, at any rate in his younger days, Conan Doyle would have wished Sherlock Holmes to have constituted his claim upon the admiration of posterity. He made one or two determined efforts to kill him, but the reading public always saved him. That tall, spare figure with his addiction to cocaine and playing the violin first appeared in *Beeton's Christmas Annual* for 1887 and was realized pictorially in Sidney Paget's drawings for the fabulously successful series of short stories published in *The Strand* magazine. After these had been completed, Conan Doyle vainly tried to get rid of Sherlock Holmes by demanding what he thought were preposterous sums for a further series of stories. In 1893 Conan Doyle described in *The Final Problem* Holmes's battle to the death with Professor Moriarty, the *eminence grise* of the Underworld. Paget depicted Holmes and Moriarty, locked in a deadly embrace, falling together into the swirling torrent of the Reichenbach falls. The public would not allow it. Conan Doyle had to explain that Holmes had won through by his knowledge of baritsu or Japanese wrestling and climbed back over a virtually sheer cliff to safety. After visiting Lhasa (where he spent some days with the Dalai Lama), Mecca, and Khartoum, Holmes finally returned to London in 1894 to outwit Moriarty's chief confederate and resume his old practice at 221b, Baker Street.

In the autumn of 1903 Sherlock Holmes retired to the Sussex Downs to seek the 'soothing life of Nature' (he never married) and took up bee keeping, publishing a handbook on the subject. But in 1912, at the personal requests of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, he emerged from retirement to deal with Von Bork, one of the principal secret agents of the German Kaiser. He ultimately brought about his capture in August, 1914. Holmes was born, according to scholars, in 1853 or 1854, so that he was by then over sixty. The details of his life and that of his Boswell, Dr. John Watson, have been fully worked out by a succession of scholars from the late Monsignor Knox to Sir Sydney Roberts. He still lives in the minds of many readers and in films and radio.

How many other detectives of fiction will be able to celebrate centenaries, one wonders? Will M. Maigret? Or Peter Wimsey? Or Hercule Poirot? Sherlock Holmes surely was the pattern and the master of them all. For years to come there will be arguments about Holmes's ancestry, whether he was at Oxford or Cambridge, whether he was really a misogynist, how many wives Dr. Watson had (there is, one is told, a book called *La vie amoureuse du médecin Watson* and another *das Watsonschechronologieproblem*). All this testifies to the fact that Conan Doyle was a genius of his craft. It is doubtful in this age of science fiction and horror comics if we shall ever see his like again. After all, Sherlock Holmes was a gentleman.

## What They Are Saying

### The Germans at Geneva

COMMUNIST RADIO-STATIONS have commented almost exultantly on the admission of the delegates of Eastern Germany as 'participants' in the Geneva Conference of Foreign Ministers. Moscow Radio broadcast a long dispatch from the special correspondent of the newspaper *Izvestia* which included the following passage:

Journalists who are accustomed to dealing with facts have already christened the Geneva Conference 'the Conference of Six'. Until recently there was a ban in the Western press on the three words: 'German Democratic Republic'. Geneva has now brought them back into use, and this is an irreversible process. Today, to deny the existence of two German States, to ignore the role of the German Democratic Republic, is an entirely hopeless and pointless occupation.

The Russian correspondent went on to criticize the West German Government for selecting Herr Grewe, its ambassador in Washington, as leader of the West German delegation to Geneva. The Soviet correspondent, quoting the German Social Democratic Press Service, said that 'Grewe regards it as his task to persuade the Americans how little the Germans are interested in overcoming the partition of Germany'. The *Izvestia* dispatch then mocked Herr von Brentano, the West German Foreign Minister, for 'renting a villa close to the French border as far as possible from the Palace of Nations' (the scene of the Foreign Ministers' meetings) because he 'is afraid of linking his name with the Conference. Does he believe, perhaps, that such proximity to France demonstrates the stability of the Bonn-Paris axis?'

In another East German commentary the West German delegation was attacked for 'objecting to German being accorded the status of a conference language at Geneva, in addition to French, English and Russian'. *Neues Deutschland* was quoted as saying:

Thus the Little Europeans of Bonn are following in the wake of the Spaniard Charles V, Emperor of Germany, who once said that he only talked German to his dogs. But Herr von Brentano wants to talk only American because he doesn't think as a German. He can also speak double-Dutch; but in the conference hall the German language will be heard because the German Democratic Republic is taking part.

(The West German Government, incidentally, has denied raising any such linguistic objection.)

Both Polish and Czechoslovak broadcasters commented, with hurt indignation, on the attitude of the three Western Powers towards the Russian demand that Poland and Czechoslovakia should have a place at the Geneva conference table.

A Prague radio programme, giving a commentary from Geneva, put forward the following reasons why Poland and Czechoslovakia should be full members of the Foreign Ministers' Conference:

Our countries have been for centuries the target of German imperialism. The notorious slogan of the German militarists, *Drang nach Osten*, was directed against us. Our Lidice, Lezaky, and Terezin (Theresienstadt) are known throughout the world as symbols of the struggle waged by the Czechoslovak people against Hitlerite fascism. Yet this is not our only justification for our claim to participate in the conference. Our right to participate in talks on the German problem is as an immediate neighbour of both German States.

None of this has been lost on Yugoslav publicists. One transmission in English from Yugoslavia noted that not only had Russia proposed that Poland and Czechoslovakia should participate at Geneva, but the Western Foreign Ministers had mentioned Holland, Luxembourg, Belgium and Norway as 'also victims of aggression'. The Yugoslav broadcast went on:

The fact that none of the four Ministers included Yugoslavia among the victims of aggression, nor mentioned her right to be also present at the conference, caused surprise among the observers. At a press conference Minister Zorin was asked whether there was a possibility that Yugoslavia might take part in the Conference—since the demand had been made for the inclusion of new countries, Poland and Czechoslovakia—as Yugoslavia had all the necessary qualifications for participating. The Soviet representative avoided giving a direct reply to this question.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

# Did You Hear That?

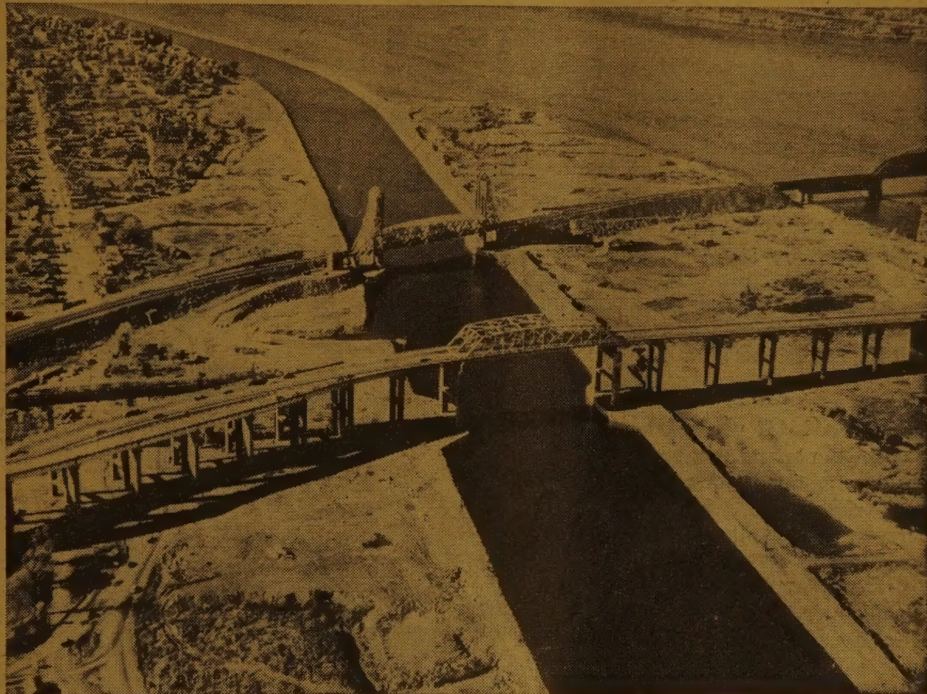
## ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY

'THREE YEARS AGO, when I was in Montreal', said NEAL ASCHERSON in 'Roundabout', 'the St. Lawrence Seaway was nothing more than the biggest mess created by man. Flying up the St. Lawrence, I looked down upon a trail of gigantic trenches and pools, dragging by underneath the aeroplane hour after hour, as if a tribe of monsters had slouched along towards Toronto digging for roots as they went. And now, suddenly, the Seaway is open. The Earth, in other words, has been given an eighth sea, a new Mediterranean lying in the middle of the American continent, for now an ocean-going ship can set out from Liverpool or Hamburg, steam across the Atlantic, and across Canada itself into the Great Lakes to tie up at Chicago or Detroit or Toronto. The official opening by the Queen and President Eisenhower will not be until June, but already, as the last ice has broken up, the first convoy of ships has moved westwards through the Seaway and headed for the Great Lakes.

'The whole distance is 2,250 miles from the sea to the Lakes, but the actual Seaway section is only 218 miles long. Even this is double the length of the Suez Canal and four times the length of the Panama Canal. Ships will be lifted almost 560 feet by successive locks from sea-level up to the highest lakes, and when all the dredging is finished the depth of the Seaway will be twenty-seven feet from end to end. That means that ocean-going ships of 6,000 or 8,000 tons, the size of a light cruiser or a small liner, can move half-way across the American continent. The special Lake ships, which draw much less water, will be able to bring 25,000 tons of grain at a time out through the Seaway to ports near the ocean on the St. Lawrence estuary.

'Canadians have been planning to connect the Lakes to the ocean by digging a canal along the St. Lawrence ever since

Canada began, and a trench one foot deep was dug round the rapids as long ago as the eighteenth century to let canoes make the journey. Canada paid for three-quarters of the Seaway, which cost nearly £170,000,000, and the United States paid for the rest. But finding the money was not the only problem. There are



Two of the four bridges spanning the new St. Lawrence Seaway in the area of Montreal: in the foreground the Honoré Mercier bridge; behind, the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge

powerful interests, especially in the United States, which actually stand to lose. The ports of the eastern coast and New York itself are bound to lose trade, and so are the railways which take the goods unloaded there to Chicago and the Middle West. At one time Canada was threatening to build the whole Seaway within Canadian territory unless America gave more help, but America decided to lend full support. In return, the United States has asked that tolls should be charged high enough to pay off the Seaway's cost in fifty years—by 2009.

'Now the main differences are settled, and the first ships are on their way, and Canadian wheat and American steel have opportunities they never had before'.



A photograph from the exhibition at Walsall in Staffordshire which marks the centenary of Jerome K. Jerome's birth. Jerome himself is seen, second from the right, witnessing on February 17, 1927, the unveiling of a tablet placed on the house where he was born. Mrs. Jerome is next to him and W. W. Jacobs is second from the left

## CENTENARY OF JEROME K. JEROME

This month marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth, at Walsall, of Jerome K. Jerome, author of *Three Men in a Boat* and of many other books and plays. MICHAEL BARRATT related in 'The Eye-Witness' how 'Writing to his publisher sixty years ago about a manuscript, Jerome Krapka Jerome commented: "It is, I hope, humorous. Would you care to entertain it?" He was referring to a serialized story that was being published in *Home Chimes* magazine, and which—originally planned as a story about the scenery and history of the Thames—had been stripped by the editor of its serious contents and retitled *Three Men in a Boat*.

'Jerome's original letter to the book publisher, which brought a promise of "consideration" as long as it was not "unprofitable verse", is now on show at Walsall Central Public Library. Here, too, are manuscripts of his plays and books, photographs, photostat copies of press reviews, first editions, translations into Russian, Japanese, and other languages, the scroll

and casket he received when he was made a Freeman of the Borough, and the bureau on which he wrote nearly all the works which set the world laughing. This desk was bought with a five-pound note, the serial rights of his first book, *On the Stage and Off*. He wrote later that he had put the note away at the bottom of an old tin box, and fished it out some years afterwards to buy the old Georgian bureau which became his desk from then on.

'For three months Walsall's Borough Librarian, Mr. R. H. Malvern, has been, as he puts it, "living with Jerome K. Jerome", collecting all the material for the exhibition. As a result, he likes to think he has got to know the man intimately. "He was such a generous-hearted man, kindly and willing to help other people", Mr. Malvern told me. "He was also a very hard worker, and he enjoyed his success, just as he enjoyed life, to the full. A man of deep religious convictions, it is clear from much of the material that has been gathered here that some of the criticisms of some of his humorous works in the press hurt him". So he turned to serious work, like his play *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. Like the rest of the exhibits, photographs of the original production of this play can be seen now at Walsall until the end of this month'.

### BROTHER OF NAPOLEON

'Lucien Bonaparte, six years younger than his famous brother Napoleon, in 1794 risked his whole future by marrying the penniless daughter of the inn-keeper with whom he lodged', said DOROTHY VINTER in 'Midlands Miscellany'. 'She was pretty and charming and Lucien adored her but she could not even sign her own marriage certificate, because she could not write. After some years of happiness she died, following the birth of their second daughter.

'In June 1802 Lucien risked everything a second time by marrying again, this time secretly. His second wife was Alaxandrine Jouberton, a stockbroker's widow. This once more infuriated the Emperor, who had wished his brother to marry the Queen of Etruria, who was a Bourbon. The Emperor furiously demanded their divorce, but finding that both bribery and threats were useless he at last excluded his brother from all rights of succession.

'Lucien and his wife took refuge in Rome where he made plans for a future of exile. His valuable pictures, statues, and furniture were packed up and put in his bank to prevent Napoleon seizing them. But, taking his wife's diamonds and his own fortune with him, he prepared to escape to America with his wife and his large family of his own six children and his young stepdaughter, his nephew, his chaplain and servants.

'In August 1810 the whole party left Italy in a three-masted schooner lent to him by Murat, his brother-in-law, but they met with stormy weather and all the children were seasick. Lucien asked the captain to put into the port of Cagliari in Sardinia, but here no one was allowed to land and the ship was ordered to leave within eight days. The English consul was asked for passports but these were refused. Some hours later his ship sighted two English warships. Resistance and subterfuge were useless as the enemy knew in advance who was on board. The seasick family was transferred to the frigate "Pomona" and treated with much courtesy.

'They were first taken to Malta where for three months they were allowed to live in the summer palace of the Grand Master. In November a letter arrived for Lucien from George III, refusing to allow him to go to America, but offering him a refuge in England as a prisoner on parole. Since there was no alternative, the offer was accepted. They sailed for Plymouth.

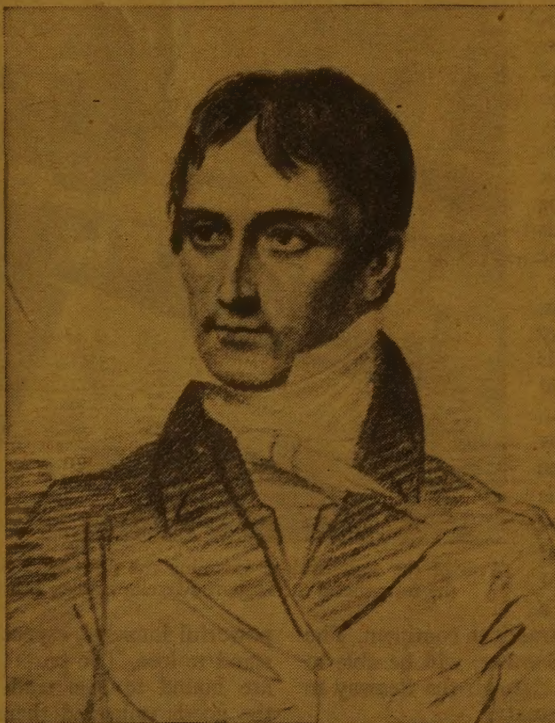
'The family with all their attendants put up at the King's

Arms, while Lucien, with his nephew and an English officer in one coach, and three servants in another, went ahead to try to find accommodation. The small advance party travelled via Exeter to Gloucester. On reaching Ludlow, the two coaches stopped at the "Angel Inn", and by good fortune, Lucien was offered a furnished house by the Earl of Powis, the son of Lord Clive. This was Dinham House, a lovely eighteenth-century mansion, standing on a high cliff, just below the Castle. Here Lucien and his large family stayed for seven months, his parole extending for eleven miles round the town. He and his wife were entertained by all the wealthier residents, whose hospitality they returned by invitations to concerts, given by members of their suite.

'After a disagreement with his landlord about the rent of Dinham House, originally lent to him free, Lucien decided to buy Thorngrove, a large house on a hillside four miles from Worcester.

For this he paid £9,000. He moved there in July 1811 and enjoyed the life of a country gentleman, improving his gardens, shooting over the woodlands and entertaining many visitors.

'The war ended in the following year, 1814, and Lucien was free to leave England. Even so, his own country was forbidden him. However, his chaplain obtained a passport from Castlereagh for himself, a secretary, and a courier, the so-called secretary being Lucien. So after nearly four years as a prisoner-of-war, the cleverest of Napoleon's brothers left for France, and the country gentlemen of Worcester regretted his departure'.



Lucien Bonaparte (1775-1840): a portrait from his *Memoirs* (edited by H. Colburn) published in 1818

### THE BLACKSMITH'S HAMMER

'One of the most curious and well-authenticated cases of *apportage* occurred in a Devonshire smithy in 1926', said PETER LAWSON in 'Today'. 'A university student named Arthur, preferring to work with his hands, apprenticed himself to a blacksmith named Joe. When Arthur's apprenticeship was ended he bought a smithy of his own in a village five miles away. He asked Joe to sell him

an old hammer for which he had developed an affection, but Joe liked that particular hammer, too, and would not part with it.

'While clearing a pile of rubbish in his own smithy Arthur found at the bottom of the pile a hammer exactly like Joe's—heavy, short-shafted, pitted, fitting snugly into his hand. In fact, if Joe's hammer had not been five miles away he would have thought this was it. For a week he used the hammer delightedly, and then one day he accidentally struck his thumb with it. In his pain he flung the tool across the smithy and heard it hit the anvil, but when he looked for it later it was nowhere to be found. And it never was found, in spite of the fact that nobody but Arthur had been in the forge.

'Some weeks later, when Arthur was paying a visit to Joe, he noticed that his late employer was still using the original old hammer, and he again asked Joe to sell it, but Joe said he was too glad to have it back to part with it. And without knowing of Arthur's experience Joe explained that a few weeks earlier he had been using the hammer when he struck his thumb with it. He had thrown the hammer across the smithy and had not been able to find it again until a week later when he saw it lying in a corner.

'A time check established that the day and time when Joe lost his hammer was the day and time when Arthur found one—five miles away; and the day and time when Arthur threw down his hammer was the day and time when Joe recovered his own. Coincidence? Possibly: but why was only one hammer ever found?'

# Man and his Maker

By J. P. CORBETT

**I** AM a man, and count nothing human as indifferent to me': that is a great saying; but if, really and truly, I do count nothing human as indifferent to me; if, recognizing the extremes of man's behaviour, I do insist that his strength and his weakness, his intelligence and his folly, his nobility and his baseness are all alive within me, what is this man that I assert myself to be?

Those extremes, after all, are remarkable. For instance, the official report on the activities of a Nazi extermination squad in eastern Europe contained the sentence: 'The operation was the work of a special S.S. commando which, out of idealism, conducted the entire extermination without recourse to schnapps'. So it is possible for me, as a man, not only to exterminate men, women, and children who are guilty of nothing but their race, but to see my action as a duty, a duty so painful that to do it without the help of the bottle testifies to my nobility of character. I am one, in grief and horror, with the innocent and helpless victims; but I am also their virtuous executioner.

Again, I sat the other day with an old friend who, at eighty-six, was dying. He could hardly talk; and yet his eyes still shone with the joy of life. But if his unquenchable hope is my hope too, so also is his physical debility: sooner or later, swifter or slower, my tongue also will falter and my wits will vanish in the dissolution of my body. Again, joining my fellow men in science, industry, and administration I look forward to limitlessly fruitful increases in our common power over inanimate and animate nature; but I am also conscious that it now needs little more than an accident for all our dreams of progress to disintegrate in nuclear war.

## Living with Our Divided Nature

How, then, are we to live with our divided nature? Usually, in fact, we contrive not to notice such unpleasant facts; or, if we must notice them, contrive to picture them as something else. Was not the wickedness of the S.S., we say, the taint of a particular race or party—something that could not happen here? Of course we have to die; but how pleasant our superiority in not being the man who is dying now! The world is certainly becoming dangerous; but perhaps just one more revolution will equip us with institutions whose inherent rectitude will save us, automatically, from ourselves! And so, if *joie de vivre* or a cultivated thoughtlessness are not enough to take our minds off the unpleasant facts of life, we draw a curtain of optimistic doctrine between ourselves and the evil, weakness, and folly which, we must admit, we are capable of; and so we get along. But it must be admitted that there is something unsatisfactory in these 'solutions'. Can we not live without telling ourselves lies? Can we not face the unpleasant facts? Would we not live better if we did?

These questions form the point of departure of a book by an Italian Protestant, Giovanni Miegge, which has recently been published here under the title *Visible and Invisible*\*. Miegge is deeply concerned with the present plight of Christianity, its diminishing status in the world; and recognizing that that plight is at least partly due to the traditionalism and the intellectual complacency of the Churches, he is prepared to purge Christian doctrine drastically in order that its associations with dying forms of culture should not stand in the way of its acceptance by modern man. He is prepared to reduce the content of Christian revelation to the one central point that God is love. But in doing that he is not merely sweetening the pill of Christian teaching; he believes that that central doctrine is both true and essential to mankind; and his book attempts to show why.

Like most liberal theologians, Miegge abandons the visible universe to science—apart from a few references to the inspiration of its beauty—and builds his argument for belief in the loving God of Christianity upon our moral experience. He draws attention to dramatic human situations of the kinds I have described.

He invites us to contemplate our inhumanity, our transitoriness, and our catastrophic folly, and asks us: how are we to face these facts? Surely we should still love our fellows, no matter how bestial and corrupt? Surely we should be hopeful for ourselves, in spite of our admitted weakness and mortality? Surely we should keep a faith in the human future calm and firm enough to withstand the vertigo of 'brinkmanship'? For with such love and hope and faith we can do much that we think good; without them, nothing. Plainly there is truth in this. The risk of nuclear war, for instance, originates mainly in the blindness of the drift towards it; we drift blindly because we dare not look it in the face; and we dare not look at this particular horror because we lack, in general, what Miegge calls the 'tranquil optimism' that all these shadows will in the end be scattered.

## Foundation of Tranquil Optimism

Such is a typical point at which his arguments for Christian faith begin. To paraphrase him: we can face the hazards and atrocities of the world in the way we should only if we feel that they are already conquered, not merely as of right, but as of fact. Only the belief that the world was created by God and is ruled by his loving wisdom can give us that tranquil optimism. 'If', he says, 'the respect and care of man for man do not rest upon the foundation of a self-giving of God to man, it is no longer possible to recognize in man such a value as will protect him against those attacks on human worth that man is always prepared to carry out upon the person of his fellow man'. Again: human solidarity, depending as it does upon the humility of individuals, is only possible in so far as the key to the universe is seen in a God who 'submits to being refused, contradicted, rejected by men; who does nothing against those who reject him; on the contrary, who affirms again that his will is mercy and nothing but mercy'.

The crux of Miegge's argument, to which such quotations do no justice, is that belief in God depends on the capacity to feel profoundly, painfully, and persistently the demands for perfection and eternity which are deliberately rejected nowadays; that if only we will press those demands hard enough, God will reveal himself actively to us as the source of all our faith and hope and love. Except in so far as we accept that revelation, expressed in Christian doctrine, however shorn and simplified, we cannot achieve the goods to which we acknowledge ourselves to be committed when we make those demands for perfection and eternity, as implicitly we all inevitably do.

## A Doctrine arising from Moral Consciousness

Thus, advancing to the distinguishing ideas of Christian theism, he says: 'The ideas of a mutual relationship between sin and suffering, of a solidarity in suffering of the righteous and the unrighteous, and of the redemptive value of the suffering of the righteous freely accepted and endured in the spirit of devout self-surrender . . . commend themselves [immediately] to the consciousness of men . . . [and] it is in this region of profound intuition that we must locate the power of the Cross to win the hearts of men and to deliver them from their sins'. Christian doctrine, in short, arises naturally out of our moral consciousness; and its explicit acceptance alone makes it possible for the demands of that consciousness to be fulfilled.

Hostile critics, obviously, could make short work of the logic of this sort of apologia. It runs, they would say, like this: Find everything which disturbs your peace of mind; define God as whatever, if he existed, would show that that disturbance is unwarranted; believe that he exists; and do not let your belief be shaken by any seeming contradictions. An easy way out of trouble! And on the last point they would find support in Miegge himself

\* Mowbray, 15s.

when he says: 'We must not allow the affirmation of the goodness of the world to be evacuated of its force by the thought of the infinite distance which exists between God and the world . . . [or] be jeopardized by the problems, always serious and perhaps in the last resort insoluble, of the goodness of God'.

### Wish-fulfilment on the Cosmic Scale?

Is religious belief then—hostile critics may inquire—confessedly just wish-fulfilment on the cosmic scale? And they would then go on to rub in the notorious facts that many men whose lives have conspicuously exemplified the virtues of love and courage have had no inkling of Christian doctrine, or have even explicitly rejected it, while many believing Christians, in applying their beliefs to other men, have been guilty of inhumanities hardly less extreme than those of the S.S. But while I feel that something has gone seriously wrong with Miegge's argument, I do not feel it can be dismissed as peremptorily as that. I sympathize with his beginning, yet feel no conviction in his end, and want to find the place where we diverge.

What is the point of taking up these extreme, dramatic situations? What do I learn by fixing my attention upon the extreme evil of conscientious extermination? I imagine myself present at it. The S.S. man, to follow another description, makes his victims strip themselves naked, men and women, old and young, then makes them stand on the edge of the pit which is to be their common grave, tumbles them into it with a shot in the nape, and turns round and faces me. We are confronted: he who has done that, and I who, or so I believe, would suffer anything rather than do it; he who has violated every principle in terms of which I normally recognize another creature as a fellow man.

What am I to do and think? No doubt, if I can, I should restrain him, if necessary kill him; but that is not the point. How am I to think of him and feel towards him? Am I, since he has broken my holiest principles, to spurn him? To thrust him out of the circle of mankind? Or am I still to accept him as my fellow, to pity him, even if, to avert a greater evil, I must take his life? To love him—as he stands there with his victims still warm in the pit below? If my neighbour hurts me trivially I do indeed believe, however often I may fail, that I should not harbour vengeful thoughts towards him but by truly seeking to forgive should do what I can to reconstruct our common sense of our common humanity. So why not with the S.S. man as well—in spite of the terrible motto of his order: 'To give and to get death'? The arguments in favour I know, in the abstract, to be overwhelming; I know the strength and peace and joy to the forgiver, and I know how the seeds of a new life are sown in the forgiven; I know how vengefulness dries up the soul and breeds still greater evils. Yet I also know that even if hatred does not overcome me in this instance there must be others, still more terrible, in which it would; and the force of taking cases of evil which are extreme in relation to my own power to love is just to remind me that that power is limited, not merely in the sense that here and now there are men I cannot love, but in the sense that that will always be the case, no matter how my power of love may grow.

What the S.S. man reveals is not just his degradation, but my own. In those feelings of fascinated disgust that he awakens I recognize the infirmity, the corruption, of my own self. So in the other cases. However hopeful or intelligent I may be, I live on the brink of despair and folly; and the glaring cases, the inventions of a Dostoevsky if history or my own experience do not suffice, remind me that at any time I may fall into the pit.

### An Endless Work

What, then, does the S.S. man, that great unconscious moralist, teach me? That for my own sake, as for his and yours, I must dig still deeper into human passion, and go on digging till I find ground so firm that on it I can contemplate him as my brother, even though an erring brother, even though a brother whose errors must be checked by death. Moreover, the moral shock that he administers is so great that it teaches me, more clearly than lesser shocks could do, that there is no end to such shocks, nor therefore to such digging. But how can I excavate my passions if I admit that there neither is nor can be any end to the work?

It is somewhere in this desolate region that the Christian takes one road and I another. He says: 'When you have seen as much of the way as this, you cannot go on if you do not let yourself believe that someone, somewhere, that God Himself, in the lineaments of man, has travelled to the end. The horror, the fear, the weakness are otherwise too great. Only if you believe that God, who loves everything and governs everything, by treading the road before you has already brought you in principle to your destination; only if you put that belief in words, our words, and so apply it to your actions; only if, in common with your neighbours, you accept an institution, the Church, in which the doctrine is embodied, and through which it is applied—to education, for example—only then can you receive the power to persevere, only then can you be saved. Belief is the absolute condition of your rising to what you admit to be an absolute obligation: and so you must believe!'

But I remember that the saving doctrine is no sooner stated than it threatens to destroy. Miegge tells me that if I am not to be inhuman I must believe in God as Father; but I remember that fathers, although they sometimes welcome back the prodigal, sometimes cut him off with a shilling; that that, according to the theological version of the doctrine of *apartheid*, is what God has done to his black sons in Africa; that the S.S. man wore '*Gott mit uns*' upon the buckle of his belt. And standing across the end of the road of doctrine I see the gaunt shape of the Grand Inquisitor, ready for humanity's sake to burn out everything that makes us man.

### The Razor's Edge

Miegge does not want to lead us there. He tries to tread what he himself calls 'the razor's edge between mystical subjectivity and dogmatic objectivity'. But still, as a Christian theologian, he does, he must, believe that there are some religious truths which can and must be stated and accepted: truths from which all good, and no evil, follows. That such truths can be found is, to me, the ultimate and most sinister illusion to which our human infirmity gives rise. I see that in order to be able to talk with one another about our human condition we must make use of myth and metaphor. For example, in order to express our conviction, if we have it, that the world is not ultimately hostile to what we deeply feel is good, it may be helpful, illuminating, and suggestive to say that the world was created by a fatherly God, rather as it may be helpful, when we are noticing the way in which social forms persist through changes in their membership, to compare society to a living organism. The metaphor brings out, with force and conciseness, the particular point that we are after.

But trouble starts when we begin to treat our metaphors as truths, and as exclusive truths; as things in which we must believe rather than as useful linguistic devices. For then we begin to surrender our conscience and our judgment to these creatures of our imagination; they grow; they soon bestride the world; they summon us in majestic terms to do their bidding; and all experience shows that no matter how carefully they may be formulated, with no matter how many qualifications to protect them against abuse, what they bid us do is as often the prompting of our baser, as of our nobler, nature. In this respect religious and political doctrines are at one. Since fathers can be angry, and since organisms can dispense with some of their members, to take those metaphors seriously is to give oneself a general permission to harden one's heart, upon occasion, against one's fellows; and when men have been keen enough to do that, theologians and political theorists have never been wanting to prove, in terms of the metaphor, that they were justified. That, if anything, is writ large throughout the history of the race.

How, then, when we are under stress, can we avoid the path of doctrine? How can we be firm without fanaticism, and tolerant without weakness? Is there any other path, or are we doomed to oscillate for ever between the extremes of hardness and indifference? I cannot enter here on that inquiry; but, as a suggestion, I seem to remember a story of Gautama which I cannot now place. It may be fictitious; but it will do. Some point of doctrine having been raised, one of his followers, being asked his opinion, simply smiled; at which Gautama said: 'You have begun to understand'.

—Third Programme

# The Road to Samarkand

By SIR FITZROY MACLEAN, M.P.

*The following is the original script provided by Sir Fitzroy Maclean on which a programme in which he took part last week on B.B.C. television was based*

**F**OR lust of knowing what should not be known', sang Flecker's pilgrims; 'we make the golden journey to Samarkand'. The legendary cities of Turkestan—Tashkent, Bokhara, and Samarkand—remote, mysterious, and inaccessible behind their barrier of deserts and mountains, have always possessed a romantic fascination for travellers.

Twenty years ago I succeeded in making my way there: but only with the greatest difficulty and after all kinds of adventures which I described in *Eastern Approaches*. For the part of Russian central Asia in which they are situated had long been a forbidden zone for foreigners. Last summer I went there again to collect material for another book. Turkestan has now stopped being a forbidden zone, so this time I travelled as a tourist—a tourist *de luxe*: and everyone—or almost everyone—was as helpful as they could be. What is more, instead of being terrified to be seen talking to me, as they had been on my last visit, they were now longing to tell me all sorts of things and ask me all sorts of questions. Which made my visit much more interesting.

A hundred years or so ago, the independent principalities of Turkestan lay midway between two great expanding empires, between the Russian reaching down southwards from Siberia and the British pushing northwards through India and Afghanistan. And so, for a time, they constituted an area of great political and strategic importance and were very much in everybody's minds. But before long they had been overrun and annexed by the Russians and quickly became forgotten.

Today, I suspect, not everyone in this country knows exactly where Turkestan is or realizes that the natives of Russian Turkestan are as different from the people of European Russia as the inhabitants of India or Persia or China are from those of Birmingham. To begin with, they are not Europeans but Asians, akin to Turk, for the most part with a strong Mongol strain and a good deal of Persian in them as well. They are—or were—fanatical Mohammedans: indeed it was their fanaticism and their tendency to torture, murder, or enslave any Christians who fell into their hands that made their country so hazardous of access.

The two places I most wanted to revisit were Samarkand and Bokhara. I went first to Samarkand, flying there from Tashkent in a little over an hour. Though its history goes back to Alexander the Great, who captured it in the fourth century B.C., Samarkand will always be known as the city of Tamerlane, who made it his

capital in 1369 and was himself buried there on his death thirty-six years later.

To me the most interesting and in a way the most beautiful building in Samarkand is the Gur Emir, the tomb of Tamerlane, where the great conqueror lies buried under a splendid dome of shining turquoise blue tiles. Nearby stands the vast shattered arch of the mosque of Bibi Khanum, the Chinese princess who became Tamerlane's wife.

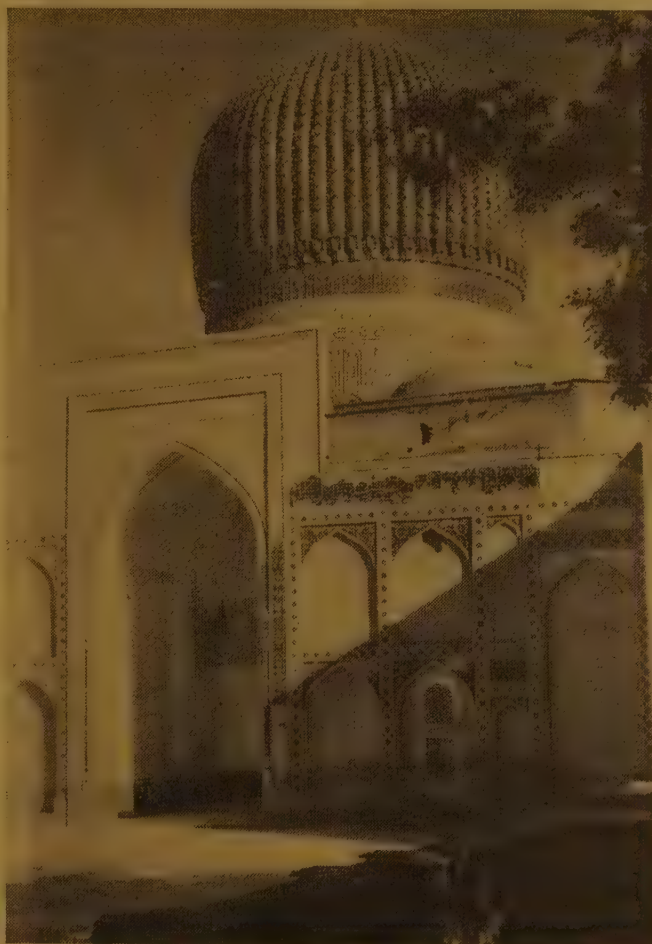
In the middle of the Old City is the Registan or principal square, called by Lord Curzon, who visited it seventy years ago, 'the noblest public square in the world'. It is enclosed on three sides by three ancient Mohammedan religious colleges or *medressehs*, with their minarets, their great arches and their spacious courtyards. These are at present being restored by the Soviet authorities and I watched with interest the processes by which the restorers have at last managed to produce glazed tiles of exactly the same colour and consistency as those which were made in the time of Tamerlane.

Just outside the city, to the north, cluster the cupolas of Shakh Zindeh, the Living King, a superb avenue of ancient tombs and shrines, built on either side of a steep, narrow passage-way up the side of a hill. They date back to the times of Tamerlane and beyond. Somewhere here, it is said, at the bottom of a disused cistern, lurks, head in hand but still alive, the decapitated royal saint who gives it its name, ready when the time comes to emerge and claim his kingdom.

In Samarkand, the inhabitants have to a great extent retained their national dress and way of life. In the bazaar, in the tea-houses or *chai khanas*, on Fridays in the mosques, you may still see men wearing their turbans and

brightly coloured khalats, while here and there in the street you will catch sight of a completely veiled woman. I was able to talk to far more people and see far more than I had expected of local life. I had only to walk through the streets with my ciné camera to be at once engaged in conversation by scores of passers-by: old and young, men and women, Russians and Uzbeks. Only in the outdoor bazaar where the peasants market their wares (no longer, under the new law, at fixed prices, but for what they will fetch) was the crowd so excited by the business of buying and selling that they would hardly have looked up from their bargaining if the Prophet himself had strolled by.

The Mohammedan way of life, once so deeply rooted in Russian central Asia, dies hard. Twenty or thirty years ago the Soviet authorities were still having trouble with the *mullahs*. But now there are no signs of a conflict. Today Islam is no longer a menace or even a nuisance to the Soviet Government. Indeed there are even signs that it might, from their point of view, have positive advantages and become, paradoxically, a not



The Gur Emir, the tomb of Tamerlane in Samarkand



Children in a street in Samarkand

unimportant instrument of cold war policy in the Near and Middle East.

While I was in Tashkent, the Grand Mufti of central Asia, Ziyouddin Khan Ibn Mufti Khan Babakhan, on hearing that I wished to see him, was kind enough to ask me to dinner with him in the sixteenth-century *medresseh*, or religious college, which adjoins his mosque. The meal, which began with the traditional breaking of the flat unleavened Uzbek bread, was served in a high, airy, white-washed room adorned with bright green tiles bearing a text from the Koran. Some doves which nested in a brass chandelier flew in and out through the open trellis-work as we ate. Round the heavily laden table sat the Imams of the other mosques in Tashkent, half a dozen dignified elderly gentlemen with long white beards, dressed in plain grey or white robes with large white turbans.

The Mufti himself was an astute looking man of about fifty, with a thin black beard, wearing the traditional white turban and a brilliantly coloured robe of bright yellow, green, and red stripes. Our conversation followed almost exactly the same lines as those which I had had with dignitaries of the Orthodox Church in European Russia. His relations with the Soviet authorities, said the Mufti, left nothing to be desired. He did not receive financial help from them; for that he depended on voluntary contributions from the Moslem population. But they showed themselves generally co-operative, provided facilities for the restoration and maintenance of mosques, and last year had enabled him to print an edition of the Koran for the first time since the revolution. The number of practising Mohammedans was now on the increase, more mosques were open, and a number of young men were being trained up as mullahs, some here in Tashkent and others in Bokhara.

Did he, I asked, have any contacts with Mohammedans in other countries? Yes, he said, he did. Of late there had been a great many Moslem visitors from abroad. Only a week or two before, President Nasser himself had worshipped in one of his mosques, and there had

been visitors from many other Mohammedan countries.

After my talk to the Mufti I was anxious to see for myself how the mosques were attended. A couple of days after my arrival at Samarkand it happened to be a Friday and so, at about midday, I made my way to the principal mosque of the city. As I approached it I saw that a great concourse of worshippers, for the most part older men in turbans and brightly coloured *khalats*, were already assembling and spreading their prayer mats, row upon row, in the open space beneath the balcony in which the Imam had taken up his position. Soon they were overflowing into the public garden outside. Then, as the high, wailing cry of the *muezzin* sounded from the minaret, the assembled multitude prostrated themselves as one man and worship began, the vast congregation repeatedly bowing down and standing up again and intoning the responses and prayers. In the haggard, bearded faces around me I saw the same look, the same dedication, the same intensity of feeling as I had seen in the Christian churches in European Russia—the look of those who attend divine worship because of some inner compulsion, overriding all worldly considerations, and not just because it happens to be the right thing to do.

Until the Bolshevik revolution, Bokhara, at that time still the capital of a nominally independent kingdom, was considered the holiest city in all central Asia, possessing over 350 mosques and over 100 religious colleges. Bokhara es Sherif, it was called, Bokhara the Noble. Elsewhere in the world, it was said, light came down from heaven; but from Bokhara light went up. '*Une cité moult noble et grant*', wrote Marco Polo, and Anthony Jenkinson, an Elizabethan merchant-adventurer who went there in 1558, speaks of the 'great citie', with its 'high walls of earth with divers gates into the same' and its 'many houses, temples, and monuments of stone sumptuously builded and gilt'. Even when I myself first went there a year or two before the war, it was still a completely eastern city, behind its massive medieval walls with their eleven great gates, and had been seen by only a few western Europeans. Today it is well on the way to becoming a modern Soviet town and before long may even be generally open to tourists. But it still contains many reminders of its prodigious and bloodstained past.

For some years now I have been piecing together the story of two British officers, Colonel Charles Stoddart and Captain Arthur Conolly, who in the first half of the nineteenth century, when Bokhara was still an independent state, were sent there as emissaries to the Emir Nasrullah, and after long months of imprisonment and torture eventually met their end there. Now, with the help of the various pieces of information I had collected, I was able to trace their tragic progress step by step from the time of

their first arrival in the city. Here, for example, was the Registan, the great open space in front of the Citadel, into which Colonel Stoddart, wearing his cocked hat and firmly disregarding local usage, had impetuously ridden his horse on the occasion of his first visit to the Emir. And here, towering above it, was the 1,000-year-old Citadel or Ark, where the Emir sat in state and where Stoddart had refused to bow down before him, at the same time hitting out angrily at a high court official who came too near him.

The Ark still stands as it did in Stoddart's day, a massive fortress which



The Grand Mufti of central Asia (in striped gown) with Imams of other mosques in Tashkent

once contained a rabbit-warren of tumble-down palaces, mosques, harems, and offices. Much of it was destroyed when the last Emir set fire to it as he fled in the summer of 1920 before the rapidly advancing Red cavalry. But you may still see the antiquated telephone by which he received the fateful message warning him of their approach. The great entrance gate is flanked by twin turrets, between which hung until recently a clock made for the Emir by an Italian, Giovanni Orlandi of Parma, who was eventually bludgeoned to death for refusing to become a Mohammedan or, some say, for allowing the Emir's watch to stop. You enter the Ark by a steep, dark, winding passage-way flanked on either side by sinister-looking guardrooms and torture-chambers and cells for prisoners. This was the way taken on his arrival in the city by Dr. Wolff, the eccentric missionary who in the year 1843 set out of his own accord from Richmond Green to travel thousands of miles across seas and mountains and deserts with the object of bearding the Emir in his lair and asking him what, in fact, he had done with Stoddart and Conolly.

Not far from the Ark rises the turquoise blue dome of the great Kalyan mosque where the Emir used to worship in person and where Colonel Stoddart, having been forced for a time to abjure Christianity and embrace Islam, was regularly obliged to attend prayers. High above it and above the whole of Bokhara looms the elaborately decorated twelfth-century Manari Kalyan, or Tower of Death, from the top of which, under the Emirs, condemned criminals used to be thrown down.

Just behind the Ark I found, after some inquiry, the Zindan or prison where Stoddart and Conolly spent so many miserable months, partly in a low, dark cell and partly in a pit twenty-one feet deep where the Emir kept a selection of specially bred vermin and reptiles for the express purpose of tormenting his victims, and where, we are told, 'masses of their flesh' were 'gnawed off their bones'. Today you may still see the pit, now neatly cemented as a monument to Soviet enlightenment and to the total depravity of oriental potentates. At the bottom of it crouch two lifelike dummies, while a villainous-looking gaoler in Bokharan uniform gazes vindictively down at them from above. Nearby is the place where the Englishman and the Irishman, having in the end resolutely refused to turn Mohammedan, were executed. To this day the tradition of the two British prisoners of the Emir lingers in Bokhara and the names of Stoddart and Conolly, or Khan Ali as he was called, are still remembered there.

Of the hundreds of mosques and *medressehs* which once adorned Bokhara, many have long since disappeared, but a fair number still survive. Like their counterparts in Samarkand, the mosques and *medressehs* of Bokhara are made of sun-baked bricks of different shades of pale red and brown, ornamented with brightly coloured tiles. A few are still used for religious purposes; but for the most part they stand abandoned or have been turned to other uses. Of the buildings which surround the Liabi Khaus, the tree-shaded pool in the centre of the town, one mosque is now a billiards club, another a hotel, and the third the local Record Office.

Not far from the Tower of Death are to be found the remains of the covered bazaar, once the richest in central Asia. Now only a few clusters of beehive-shaped domes are left at the point where two or more streets intersect. Here, in mysterious recesses where

fabulous rubies and emeralds once changed hands, a desultory trade is done in ice-cream and fizzy drinks. Another survival from the Middle Ages are the *caravanserais*, where the caravans arriving in Bokhara from the outside world once made halt before continuing on their way and where now innumerable families of Bokharans have found homes, sleeping in the surrounding cells and overflowing in the daytime into the central courtyards, formerly piled high with merchandise from China, Arabia, and the Indies.

On the highest point of every one of the principal buildings in Bokhara is perched each summer a stork's nest, and for a time the air resounds with the clicking and clapping of the long yellow beaks of these engaging birds. From their points of vantage the storks watch each other and everything that goes on around them. Nobody worries them and they seem to lead a happy and contented existence.

Before I left Bokhara I decided to see what, if anything, was left of the city walls. After lengthy inquiries I finally elicited the information that the massive Karakul gate, by which the eccentric Dr. Wolff entered the city in 1844, had not yet been destroyed and, having made my way there, found that in this sector the walls, too, were still standing. From where I was, they stretched far away into the distance, twenty or thirty feet high, crumbling and breached but still massive and imposing.

Bokhara has always been famous for its gold-embroidered caps and waistcoats, and on my last day there I asked if I could see where they were made. After walking for some distance through narrow winding lanes between high windowless mud walls, we came to a rambling kind of house consisting of a number of long, low rooms opening on to a courtyard with a tree growing in the middle. Here a hundred or more girls were at work, stitching and embroidering either by hand or with machines. In another part of the building a dozen Bokharan men were hammering away at ornamental brass plates, while a



The Tower of Death in Bokhara

Photographs by the author

very old man in a turban with a long white beard sat cross-legged on the ground, drawing the designs for them on a sheet of paper. By his side stood the inevitable pot of refreshing green tea\*.

I was shown round by the director of the *Artelj*, or Guild, an efficient and energetic Uzbek who later, happening to meet me in the street, insisted on buying me an ice-cream, saying that he felt I must be very much bored in such a small town. I was, in fact, anything but bored. I had enjoyed every moment of my stay in Bokhara. The good food in the hotel restaurant and the friendliness and anxiety to please of all concerned made up for the heat, the flies, the lack of plumbing, and any other minor inconveniences. To this day, despite the changes that have been wrought there, Bokhara still retains much of its old fascination.

For how much longer it will do so I should hesitate to say. Throughout Russian central Asia the process of modernization and sovietization is proceeding apace. Everywhere I went I found the old order making way for the new: ancient local customs and traditions disappearing and new, up-to-date Soviet ones taking their place, new buildings going up, public parks and playing fields being laid out, and a new, more efficient, more hygienic but, from the sightseer's point of view, less picturesque way of life being established.

\* See photograph on cover



The Hochschule für Gestaltung at Ulm

## Cool on the Kuhberg

By REYNER BANHAM

THE Kuhberg is a middling, countrified sort of hill on the outskirts of the South German town of Ulm. As you approach it from the town it seems neither as steep nor as high as Hampstead, say, or Highgate. It is not until you look left near the top, down over strip fields and tall, thin German woods to the Danube valley, that you realize that it is a real hill at all. But it is a named mountain, and because people seem to think that mountains are good for the soul it now has draped over its summit a straggle of low, square, grey-and-white buildings looking uncommonly like one of the more tough-minded kind of post-war English schools.

### College of Design

It is a school: a *Hochschule für Gestaltung*—a college of design, if I may leave out all the important but untranslatable overtones of *Gestaltung*. The romantic site is at one with the romantic conception behind its foundation—it was intended to be both a memorial to Hans and Sophie Scholl, executed while they were still students for their anti-Nazi activities, and also a revival of the Bauhaus, the great German design school of the 'twenties. To me, personally, this is a terrible way to start a school. It is like putting a tombstone and a marble bust on top of a newborn baby and expecting it to thrive.

But the *Hochschule* flourishes. It is one of the most progressive design schools in the world, and the most discussed in Europe. On the spot, rather than in the publications about it, you can see why. The tombstone has dissolved into a generalized anti-fascist and progressive political atmosphere: almost the first thing I saw on arrival was an English 'sticker' about Nuclear Disarmament on the door of the *mensa*, the students' canteen. But this is an atmosphere only, the business and organization of the school is concerned with design, and it is the way they have shrugged off the marble bust of the Bauhaus that gives the place its interest.

The curriculum of the traditional type of modern design school—and one can speak of a tradition, the idea is forty years old now—rests on three legs: architecture, industrial design, and art. The curriculum at the *Hochschule* at Ulm also rests on three legs: industrialized building, product design, and visual and verbal communications. Of these, product design is little more than a relabelling of industrial design; industrialized building is something less all-embracing in its scope than architecture, but rather deeper, more painstaking and methodical. Both these divisions have work in hand for industry—but not directly. The research on aluminium panel construction, for instance, or the comprehensive design policy for a well-known radio manufacturer, are the work of the Institutes of Industrialized Building and Product Design, and these institutes are effectively independent

design offices, staffed by teachers and research students of the *Hochschule*. Where particular problems of design seem to have real relevance to the teaching programme, they can be passed back into the school by the institute concerned. But, clearly, it would be unwise to judge the quality of the teaching at Ulm by the style of the portable radios that originate there—it is what is learned that matters, not what the thing looks like. Radio equipment, optical instruments, glass and plastic-ware are among other Ulm designs now in development.

But the third leg at Ulm, the communications or information division, is a complete innovation, and a fundamental one. At a practical level the division gives instruction in such matters as copy-writing, poster-design, scripts for film and radio, typography and other communication techniques. It thus overlaps with some of that field normally called graphic design, and brings in some new practical subjects as well. But the point is that communications are seen as a whole, with their own mental disciplines, and it is the mental disciplines that matter.

In most design schools there is a split that can never be entirely closed, between technical disciplines based on science, and aesthetic disciplines based on the humanities. This split was recognized at the old Bauhaus, where the course was divided into *Formlehre* (aesthetics) and *Werklehre* (techniques). At one time, Hannes Meyer tried to heal this split by putting the whole Bauhaus on an equally scientific footing, but the attempt was premature in 1929, and in any case foundered on political difficulties.

### Practical Aim

But in the nineteen-fifties the time seems ripe for a second try, and communication and information theories, which cover so much of the same ground as the humanities, are the obvious scientific disciplines to try. But experiment for its own sake was not the original motive for doing so. The aim was purely practical—to find a way of talking about the design and performance of posters without getting bogged down in aesthetic terminology. Communications and information theory provided the beginnings of a way of doing this, and now that they are established in the school they will be extended into other fields, such as the design of controls, the programming of production methods, and so forth.

I say, advisedly, that these mental disciplines provide 'the beginnings' and 'will be extended'. As they stand at present they are not entirely adequate to the teaching needs of a design school, and one of the chief preoccupations of the communications division in the two years or so that this has been in existence has been the hammering out of a workable body of concepts and methods. They have set about this in two ways:

first by taking over the work of Charles Morris on the theory of signs, refining it, and extending it to make it cover all cases relevant to design—including the aesthetic, on which they find Morris weak; secondly, by filling in the background and history of the ideas now current in communications—back through Carnap and Pierce into the nineteenth century and beyond. It was strange, and reassuring, to hear such English names as those of I. A. Richards and C. K. Ogden being cited with respect in a context where English names are rarely cited at all. In the process, the school has accumulated what I can only call a communications culture as rich, it seems, as that which the ordinary design school derives from the fine arts.

It is this culture that gives Ulm its peculiar mental tone. The hard-slogging seminar that has done most of the work on communications has brought to the school talents as unexpected as Konrad Lorenz to speak on animal psychology, and has contributed to the staff most of the teachers who make the place different from other schools: Horst Rittel, the very young and brilliant mathematician, Hanno Kesting, the sociologist, and Tomas Maldonado, the pilot and powerhouse of the school's new direction. Maldonado is without doubt the biggest figure in design education today—physically big, with a Mantegna head: an Argentinian now in his mid-thirties, mentally methodical and temperamentally polemical. The lecture he gave at the Brussels exhibition last year is still scandalizing the Establishment of the design world, horrified at his refusal to give any place to problems of 'art' and 'taste'.

The students at large sympathize with this tough line—I saw the slogan 'We want to work, not tell fairy tales' chalked on a blackboard in the product design section—and they are pretty tough-minded themselves. Mostly older than their English counterparts, more mature in some ways, self-possessed, un-florid. Beards are at a discount, so are sloppy sweaters; many wear suits and read really dull 'top people's' newspapers such as the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, or *Die Welt*. The good word when I was there was *Rififi*, meaning something smooth, elegant, well prepared, precise, free from flourish, improvisation, or fumble. The preferred relaxation was really cool, modern jazz. Indeed, cool jazz was the standard background, it seemed, at all working hours until about three in the morning.

For me, this jazz is the memory that sums up the school—something new, highly technical, esoteric, rather abstract, immensely well done, neither lush nor flashy. It goes well with the esteem in which things like computers and printed radio circuits are held there. It touches both what is undoubtedly good about the *Hochschule* and what worries me about the place. The mental climate up there on the Kuhberg is really cool; rhetoric is something you dissect but do not use. The buildings are calm, neutral, and spacious; they do not crowd you. And with an average of seven students to each member of the staff there is no psychological crowding either, no one has to compete for attention. There is every encouragement to work systematically, think dispassionately, discuss calmly.

Yet I think this coolness has been bought at the price of rather too much detachment from the outside world. The Kuhberg is physically isolated, a mile's walk from the last tram-stop—and thus has what Maldonado calls Tibetan tendencies. But the insistence on methodical and logical thinking that puts the *Hoch-*

*schule* in touch with the other mental summits of Western thought seems to isolate it from the rest of the human race in the jungle below. I can give concrete examples here, from the field of communications: the posters that the school does for the People's University in Ulm function magnificently as long-range attention catchers, but do not really communicate because you have to go and peer at them closely to read the information on them. Conversely, they seem untouched by such phenomena as *Bildzeitung*, the fantastically successful German tabloid newspaper that does a marvellous communications job, catching your attention with the information itself, twenty or twenty-five headline stories on the front page alone.

But such matters are not consciously excluded. It is rather the other way about: the *Hochschule* deals with what it can deal with, and remains aware of the subjects it has laid on one side. I myself was invited to talk about the popular arts and aspects of

commercial design—an unusual subject for formal lectures in such a school, but even more unusual was the trouble taken to ensure that I was heard and understood. I spoke in English, but two of the students had been carefully—and imaginatively—trained to interpret for me; every word I said was tape recorded and my blackboard diagrams were photographed. Much of what I had to say was combated vigorously but the subject was clearly a live one and an open one, on which the *Hochschule* felt the need to be better informed. Indeed, Ulm, with its lack of aes-



A class in industrial design at the *Hochschule*

thetic prejudice and its command of communication theory and practice, is probably the one school in the world that could design a Detroit dream-car or a Hollywood musical that could compete with the commercial product on its own terms.

I do not think it would ever happen, neither product is cool enough or *Rififi* enough for them, they would rather design a computer or programme a giant transfer machine, but the open possibility remains. The school is barely five years old and developing fast, as its uninhibited approach confronts it with one untouched design-problem after another. Anything can happen, but will happen quietly—*doucement* is a favourite word of Maldonado's. Yet I have an idea that the repercussions of happenings at Ulm will be felt ever further and deeper as the next decade proceeds.—*Third Programme*

## Cock with Red Neck

The cock with red neck  
Mounts up upon his deck,  
Cries *Domine, Domine!*  
The cock with golden comb  
Stands up upon his home.

When the one cock cries  
The sun begins to rise:  
When the wind blows  
Round the one cock goes.

Cock that cocks the stable yard  
Tread your hens hard!  
Cock upon the roofoy ridge  
Tread well the Old Vicarage!

HILARY CORKE

# Life at a Medieval Court

By JOHN CHARLTON

IT is surprising how many people regard the Middle Ages as a time of greater simplicity than the present, rather as the life of primitive savages is thought to be simple. In fact, just as the life of the savage may be infested at every turn with the most complex taboos, so medieval and Tudor life—at all levels of society—was hemmed in by rules and regulations. Our ancestors were firmly stratified into classes and castes, and their conduct was rigidly governed by law and custom. This was particularly the case with the small and select group of the court. In the 'Articles appointed by the Kinge our Sovereigne Lord Henry the Seventh at his palace at Westminster', which 'His Highness charged to be kept and observed upon the pain that might ensue', we read that 'At the fower feasts of the yeare, the king should weare eyther purple or redd velvet; and on All-Hallows Day at evensong he must leave off his mantel, and come [to church] in his circotte and a furred hood about his necke'.

These are typical of a long sequence of court regulations laying down the details of daily life, from the king and his queen down to the humblest kitchen boy. When I walk through, for instance, the kitchen cloisters of Hampton Court I think of these regulations. And somehow all the rules about such humdrum and important matters as food and drink, lighting and firing, clothing and furnishing, make me feel that I almost know the people who worked and played and lived at the court of Henry VIII.

In the Middle Ages there were about a score of these large royal palaces widely scattered about the southern and midland counties of England and many of them—the houses, not the estates—were several acres in extent. The reason was that the court was not fixed in London, but moved from place to place; and it comprised not merely the immediate entourage of the king and queen but also the principal ministers of state and all their staffs and clerks. The court was, in a sense, a combination of what we would now call Buckingham Palace and Whitehall, and the palaces had to be correspondingly large. Many of these palaces, such as Eltham and Clarendon, were in open country. They were near the royal forests, not simply in the interests of the sport of hunting but out of necessity: the game of the forests was needed to feed the hundreds of people at court.

Horses and wagons entered the precinct by a wide archway; foot-passengers by a narrow one. Near the gateway might be seen a long low building with perhaps a queue of beggars outside: the almonry where food and clothing were daily distributed to the poor. A certain proportion of the food from the royal table (as well as such leavings as were not devoured by the scullions as their perquisite) were collected in great dishes or basins at every meal for the use of the hungry and needy. This practice was in fact followed by all noble households in the Middle Ages, when the giving of alms was regarded as a religious duty. Near the gatehouse, too, were the extensive stables for the many horses which had to transport not only the King and

his servants but his linen, his plate, his clothes, and even his bed.

The main group of buildings was dominated by the great hall. At one end of it were the kitchens, huge square buildings like the monastic kitchens one can see to this day at Durham or Glastonbury, with vast fireplaces big enough to roast a whole ox. Close by were butteries, pantries, larders, sculleries, and bakehouses. The wine-cellar, however, seems often to have been close to the royal apartments.

At the other end of the great hall stood the king's own private suite where he would receive and converse with his more important guests or officers of state. He had one or more retiring rooms, one of them his bedroom, as well as a private chapel or oratory. There were also suites for the queen and for the prince of Wales if of age, as well as guest-rooms where visiting notables, like ambassadors, could be housed with their company.

Then there were the rooms occupied by officers of state, such as chancellors and their clerks, and the royal chaplains who officiated at the two or three chapels of the royal palace. But there were also the lesser people who had to be housed according to their rank. We get a good idea of the variety of the elaborate organization, and the variety of professions involved from a schedule of wages drawn up for Edward

III in 1347: it includes fauconers, hunters, mynstrelles (including three waytes), launderers, messengers, yeomen, archers, chariotmen, and palfreymen of which there were 120. There were also fifty somptermen whose job was to transport the court's baggage.

During the time of Edward III and the Black Prince, the romantic ideals of chivalry which stemmed from the tales of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table were revived. For example, the King founded the Order of the Garter (still today our senior order of chivalry) at Windsor in 1346. And it became the practice of his court to hold tournaments in a manner thought to resemble that of the heroic days of King Arthur. At Eltham in Kent, for instance, much of one of Edward's favourite palaces was rebuilt in order to provide lodgings (and more ample kitchens) for the knights who rode from all parts of the kingdom to test their valour in the lists which Edward III and the Black Prince set up on the green fields outside the palace.

This tradition of knightly combat lasted for nearly 200 years more, for Henry VIII at Hampton Court constructed a tiltyard, where he and the



Henry VIII jousting before Katherine of Aragon: an illustration from the Westminster Tournament Roll in the College of Arms



The Wheel of Fortune: drawing from a fresco in Rochester Cathedral

members of his court did battle in the medieval manner—wearing, indeed, armour modelled in the medieval style, and made at the workshops which he had had constructed for the purpose outside his palace at Greenwich. (Some of it may be seen at the Tower today.) If you go to Hampton Court now you will see on one side of what is still called the Tiltyard Garden a large brick tower, which was one of four erected as a grandstand for the ladies of the court—Ann Boleyn must have been one of them—to witness the feats of arms in which Henry himself, a man of great physical strength, was often, if not invariably, victorious. (The other towers were destroyed by William III who, having little use for antics of this sort, turned the tiltyard into a kitchen garden.)

The great hall was the centre of medieval life and by far the largest apartment in the palace. Westminster Hall was the largest building of its class in Europe, 240 feet long by 70 wide—that is, about the size of six lawn tennis courts. Another surviving royal hall of splendid dimensions can be seen at Eltham Palace.

These halls must have been quite wonderful, with their painted scenes from the medieval romances which were, in fact, the light literature of the day, or perhaps with pictures of such legendary combats as the fight between Richard Coeur de Lion and the Sultan Saladin during the Crusades. There was also sometimes a moralizing touch. We read in medieval documents about the Wheel of Fortune, which showed a king carried upwards on fortune's wheel but about to be cast down into the depths. Its purpose was to impress on those who feasted so gaily the uncertainty of human fortunes which, even at their height, might be on the brink of disaster. There is a fine example of this in Rochester Cathedral.

The organization of the royal kitchens was administered by a clerk of the kitchen with several assistants. Household regulations laid down in great detail not only the duties, wages, subsistence, and perquisites of the whole kitchen staff, but also exactly how much the clerk of the kitchen was authorized to spend on each individual item of food. In winter we read he might pay up to twenty pence a hundred for eggs. But in summer only fourteen pence. Similarly large and fat geese, at sevenpence, were a penny cheaper in summertime.

The medieval diner suffered from the lack of two blessings of modern civilization: the fork and the refrigerator. The lack of forks (which did not come to England until the seventeenth century) meant that meat or fish had to be held down on the plate with the left hand while it was cut up. It was considered ill-mannered to use more than the thumb and two fingers to hold down the meat, and downright rude to wipe your fingers afterwards on your hair instead of on the napkin provided. The carver became an important official and books on carving told in great detail and in a curious jargon just how he was to deal with any particular joint. He was told to 'spoil a hen', 'barb a lobster', 'splat a pike', and to 'thigh small birds'. Also how to arrange his towels and table-napkins and how to hold out titbits to the guests on the end of his carving knife: the knife should be held with the thumb and only two fingers, with the other fingers delicately crooked (like a genteel Victorian lady holding a teacup).

Since it was not easy to keep the food fresh, particularly fish,

all the dishes were heavily spiced—so much so, in fact, that it must sometimes have been hard to tell whether one was eating fish or flesh. Even simple foods like eggs were heavily—perhaps necessarily—disguised. We read: 'Take raw yolks of eggs and good fat cheese and mix well together; add ginger and cinnamon and sugar and saffron and put it in a coffin and bake it well'. (A coffin was a pastry pie.) To make sure that its crust stood up well, it was the practice of the pastry cook to make a hole in the top and inflate the pie by blowing into it—I hope, but rather doubt, by means of a straw.

Except at feasts the food was ample but not elaborate. Even so it was strictly regulated according to rank: Edward III, for instance, if he were dining alone, would have a choice of eight dishes, the Black Prince six, a lord five, and a gentleman three.

Water was used only for washing and cooking, being unsafe to drink, but they were fussy about their beer as this rhyme shows:

No acid taste should lurk in  
wholesome beer

Brewed from sound grain, it  
should be old and clear.

Allowances of ale were generous: the king's doctor of physic (described in the records as the deviser of the king's medicine) was entitled to three gallons of ale a day (the same as a duke); but Mr. Surgeon got only one gallon.

Meals, at which hundreds might be present, were rather a grand affair and were presided over by a kind of glorified head-waiter called the marshal, who carried a long wand as a badge of office. He led the procession of servants carrying dishes and wine which entered the hall as soon as the king was seated, an event heralded by the sounding of trumpets. The king sat on a low platform or dais at the opposite end of the hall from the kitchen. He occupied an arm-chair, usually the only one in the hall, anyone else sitting on stools or benches. The back of his chair was decorated with the royal arms and over his head was an elaborate silken canopy. If the

queen were present she too might have a canopy, but it had to be several inches lower than the king's. The company was arranged strictly in order of precedence. The great ones dined at the king's table, waited on by officers of appropriately high rank—the carvers for example, would be knights. The rest of the household dined at long tables running lengthwise down the hall. Even so, they were carefully grouped in 'messes' so that each man ate with people of approximately his own rank.

During the meal and particularly at state banquets the king's minstrels played and there were often dances after supper was ended. Gambling and dicing were officially frowned on, except during the twelve days after Christmas. Some, however, like Henry VIII, were skilful versifiers and more than competent musicians. Particularly in early Tudor times there were two pursuits which helped to while away the wet days which discouraged hunting or tournaments. These were bowling and tennis. At Hampton Court, for instance, Henry VIII constructed a long bowling alley and a closed tennis court. The alley has gone, but his tennis court, the oldest in England, is still used by the Hampton Court tennis club and on that court you can, to this day, see the old and original game of royal tennis played with the same complicated rules which held good in the days of Henry VIII.—*From a talk in the Home Service*



The great hall of Eltham Palace

*Architectural Review*

# Seeking New Sources of Power

By ROBERT LATHAM

THE idea of getting power by taking a substance—deuterium—which is present in small amounts in ordinary water, and combining the nuclei of its atoms, in pairs, to form a new substance—helium—is a fashionable one nowadays. Many scientists are engaged on it in all parts of the world; there is much rivalry between countries and laboratories, and any successes make headline news.

What is the reason for all this interest in what we might regard as a scientist's pipe-dream? Until recently our requirements of power, mainly in the form of electricity, have come in one way or another from the radiation pouring out from the sun. The larger part has come from past effects of solar radiation stored away over a few hundred million years in deposits of coal or oil. Unfortunately for us, this chemical storage has been a haphazard affair, with only a microscopic part of the incident energy being, so to speak, salted away for future use.

This is not a satisfactory situation. To put it crudely, no self-respecting camel can exist on its hump indefinitely, and we may well find our reserves of coal and oil rapidly depleted. Perhaps the most sensible long-term approach would be to make better use of the incoming solar energy. The sun is a first-class thermonuclear reactor, stable, and far enough away to ensure that the energy per square foot reaching us is of manageable amount. I have no doubt that sooner or later we shall discover some means of turning this energy easily and cheaply into electricity.

But we do possess other resources which are now being used for the first time. I mean the burning of uranium in nuclear reactors to generate electricity. Within the sun it is not uranium or thorium that is reacting, but hydrogen, and we have plenty of this on the earth in the form of water. It is surprising to realize that a substance that to us is perfectly stable should in other conditions be able to react and give rise to so much heat.

Thermonuclear research is basically an attempt to tap our resources of hydrogen, or more easily deuterium (a heavier form of hydrogen), and by converting it to helium to provide ourselves with energy here in exactly the same way as is going on at this moment in the sun.

Let us consider how this might be done. Changes to the nucleus of the atom have been studied in the laboratory since their discovery in 1919. These changes take place copiously in many nuclear machines. In all of them a beam of very fast-moving nuclei that have been accelerated electrically is allowed to strike a stationary target. We might, therefore, envisage our power-producing apparatus as an outsize nuclear machine, a suitable target, and some method of collecting the energy liberated by the nuclear reactions.

In this simple approach to the problem, Nature is against us. The fast-moving nuclear projectile has to get very close to a nucleus of the target before anything happens, and before it does so it has, on the average, to penetrate the outer parts of many atoms. In this process it loses much more energy than can ever

be replaced by the relatively infrequent nuclear event. The uranium reactor is a special case in which the projectile can be an uncharged particle, a neutron, thus allowing it to penetrate the atoms readily. No such special case has been found for deuterium, and it is almost certain that none exists.

We can rule out, then, the kind of apparatus normally used for nuclear work in the past, and the only alternative so far suggested is an apparatus containing gas at very high temperature. The heat strips off the outer parts of the atoms and the nuclei can react with each other. The outer parts, the electrons, are still present in the gas, and still interfere with the motion of the nuclei, but being just as hot they do not, on the average, slow down the nuclei.

So, we are led to a miniature sun, a mass of gas as hot as the interior of the sun, and which must be extremely well isolated from its surroundings. It is in arranging for this high degree of isolation that the main difficulty lies. Most of our ideas for doing this come down to surrounding the hot gas with a perfect vacuum, and providing means to prevent the gas from spreading into the evacuated space round it, which it would

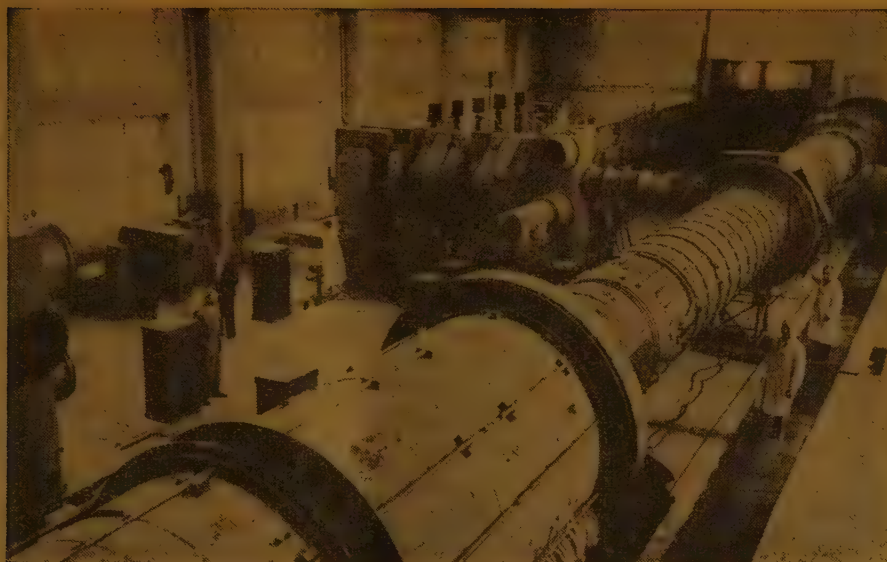
naturally do if left to itself. At first sight it sounds like an impossibility; we do not want anything in the evacuated space, so how do we put something there to keep the gas within it?

But at high temperatures the atoms are split up into parts that are electrically charged, and we do have electric and magnetic fields existing in a vacuum which can be used to push the charged particles back into the middle. It is this problem of devising a suitable arrangement of electric and magnetic fields to keep the hot gas away from its container, and also to heat it up, that has been exercising the minds of scientists for the last few years. While we are still far from complete success, an enormous amount of progress has been made. This was evident at the recent Geneva Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, when more than a hundred papers were presented and where the exhibition was filled with models, some of them working models, of equipment. For the first time in the history of the subject there were no restrictions of secrecy on the work, and scientists were free to discuss their own ideas, criticize those of their colleagues, and generally form a clear picture of the present state of the work.

Lines of attack have followed four different paths, each of which has led to sizable pieces of apparatus. The first method, and the earliest to be tried, uses the magnetic field that is



Linear arrangement for producing high temperatures, at Imperial College, London. The discharge tube is in the centre, surrounded by the condenser bank used to energize the discharge



The Russian machine OGRA in course of construction

generated by the electric current in the discharge itself. The electric current flows through a low pressure gas in a long cylindrical tube, and if the current is large enough the magnetic field exerts a large inward force on the gas. This squeezes the gas until it just occupies a narrow channel along the centre of the tube, with very little gas left behind. Temporarily, at any rate, we have the state of affairs we want. As time passes the ends of the tube begin to cool the gas, but if the compression is done rapidly enough the cycle may well be over before there has been much cooling.

Our work at Imperial College has used this simple form of discharge on which there is still much to be done before its operation is fully understood. It turns out, however, that this linear arrangement is rather unlikely ever to produce any measurable amount of nuclear power, owing to the short time the discharge lasts. On the other hand it is a good source of high temperature gas, and in Russia, America, Britain, and many other places, temperatures of the order of a million degrees have been obtained by it.

A variant of this method is to bend the tube round till the ends join to form a ring like a doughnut. This eliminates the need for ends altogether. Fortunately one can make electric current flow round such an endless ring in the same way as it flows round the turns of wire forming part of the windings of a transformer. We can now usefully keep the discharge running for a longer time, having eliminated the heat losses from the ends. Such an apparatus on a large scale is found in Zeta at Harwell, and on a smaller scale in many other laboratories.

The second method uses a cylinder of gas which is first pre-heated to render it electrically conducting. It is then compressed by a magnetic field generated outside the cylinder. In this case the magnetic field is high everywhere, so the compressed gas is much less likely to wander off the axis of the tube. On the other hand, a great deal of energy has to be supplied to create the field, and not all of this is recoverable later. None the less in such an apparatus at Berkeley, California, and at the Naval Research Laboratory, Washington, probably the highest temperatures so far reached have been obtained, and under these conditions it looks as if a few nuclear reactions of thermal origin are taking place. Attempts are being made to economize on magnetic field by doing the compression in several stages in tubes of progressively smaller diameter.

In the third method, tried out at the University of Princeton in America, using a machine called the Stellarator, we depart from the use of a vacuum round the discharge to keep it from being cooled by its container. The vacuum is replaced by a strong, steady, and specially shaped magnetic field arranged to reduce the loss to the walls to a very small amount, even if the gas fills the tube. In this case the tube is shaped like an endless ring and a kind of eddy-current-heating is being tried to heat the gas.

All the methods so far discussed achieve temperatures roughly

estimated at a few million degrees, but that is still far too low. In all of them the length of time the discharge lasts is only about a thousandth part of the time necessary for the nuclear reaction really to get going even if it were hot enough. Such results at this stage are, however, a considerable achievement.

The last method is an entirely different one, which has already led to two large machines, one called DCX, at Oak Ridge in America, and the other OGRA, at the Soviet Atomic Energy Establishment in Moscow. Until now we have always started with a gas, arranging the apparatus to contain and heat it. In DCX and OGRA we start with an evacuated region having inside it only a specially shaped steady magnetic field. This is such that if a fast deuteron once finds itself inside, in theory it has only a remote chance of ever getting out. This can be done if we do not have a hole in the magnetic bottle to let the deuterons in, because if they can get in they can also get out again. We overcome this by putting them in as charged molecules, that is two deuterons together as a pair. Once inside

the molecules are broken up into deuterons, and these are trapped. So the high temperature gas is built up from a beam of particles that is accelerated to high velocity before being fed into the apparatus, and once inside the particles interact with each other to form the hot gas gradually.

The Russian machine is of fantastic size; it is tubular, six feet in diameter and sixty feet long, with a separate electric power station to produce the magnetic field. The DCX is similar in principle but contains a different method of splitting up the incident beam of molecules into atoms, which reduces the overall size. These two machines are in an early state of operation. Whatever happens in the development of these machines, we shall undoubtedly gain a great deal of information about the behaviour of matter in a temperature range vastly above anything previously known on Earth. Many useful applications may well come out of it, in addition to a new source of power.—*Network Three*

## Spring Evening in Catalonia

Rosy the rock, rosy the foam,  
The cork-trees dark and the pines;  
A man still hoeing feels his way  
Between the stunted vines.

Rosemary, eucalyptus, thyme  
Fold up their scents and put  
Them by for the night, the rockrose falls,  
The cranesbills are all shut.

A kid slung round his shoulders,  
A boy comes trudging by.  
Black clouds like a mantilla  
Half hide the western sky.

The women are mending the long nets  
That lie on the harbour ramps.  
The green light winks; the sardine boats  
Trim their big yellow lamps.

From a rough-toned bell in the tower  
The notes gather and spill.  
The sun rides into ambush  
Over the brigand hill.

HAL SUMMERS

# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

May 13-19

## Wednesday, May 13

White Paper on the Government's scheme for reorganizing the cotton industry gives employers' estimates on cost of modernization and re-equipment

The Executive of the Mineworkers' Union, seeking further talks with Coal Board and Minister of Power, says that the position of the coal industry is getting steadily worse

In an action brought by the Football League against Littlewood's Pools, the High Court rules that the League's fixture list is copyright

## Thursday, May 14

The American Secretary of State puts before the Geneva conference the Western plan for reuniting Germany and safeguarding European security

The Building Societies' Association recommends a reduction in the interest on new loans from six to five-and-a-half per cent.

A plan to limit imports and output of coal in Europe is rejected by Ministers of the European Coal and Steel Community

## Friday, May 15

Mr. Gromyko puts the Russian plan for a German peace treaty before the Foreign Ministers' Conference

British and American scientists use the moon as a reflector to send radio messages across the Atlantic

The German Defence Minister, Herr Strauss, says that Britain and West Germany are to co-operate in producing a tank

## Saturday, May 16

Mr. Khrushchev attacks the Western proposals put forward at Geneva

The University of Cambridge votes against Latin or Greek as compulsory entrance subjects

The American golf team retains the Walker Cup at Muirfield

## Sunday, May 17

Many seaside resorts are reported to be crowded out for the bank holiday. The A.A. says that it is the busiest Whit Sunday on the roads on record

## Monday, May 18

At the Geneva Conference, Mr. Gromyko describes the Western 'package' plan as 'completely unrealistic'; Mr. Herter, U.S. Secretary of State, rejects the Russian proposals

South African Parliament begins consideration of a Bill under which nine-tenths of the country would be regarded as a White area

## Tuesday, May 19

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Mr. Herter and Mr. Gromyko talk privately about the banning of nuclear tests

Many people reported drowned in floods in Natal and Cape Province, South Africa

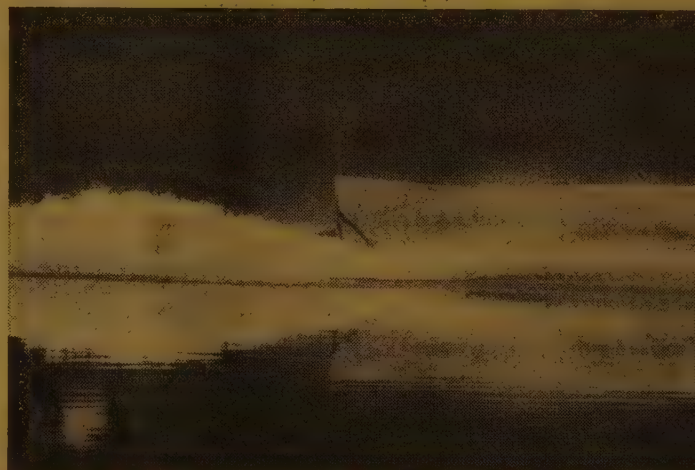
British Transport Commission submits new proposals about season ticket rates



A photograph taken last week of office workers in the heart of London during an early spell of hot weather: lunchtime in Lincoln's Inn Fields, near Fleet Street



A miniature by Nicholas Hilliard of Sir Walter Raleigh which, at a sale at Sotheby's in London last week, was bought (with the help of the National Art-Collections Fund and the Pilgrim Trust) for the National Portrait Gallery for £5,300



Mr. Donald Campbell water speed record average



'Saint George and the Dragon' by Paolo Uccello, which, after restoration and cleaning, is now on view to the public at the National Gallery. The painting was acquired four months ago for £125,000



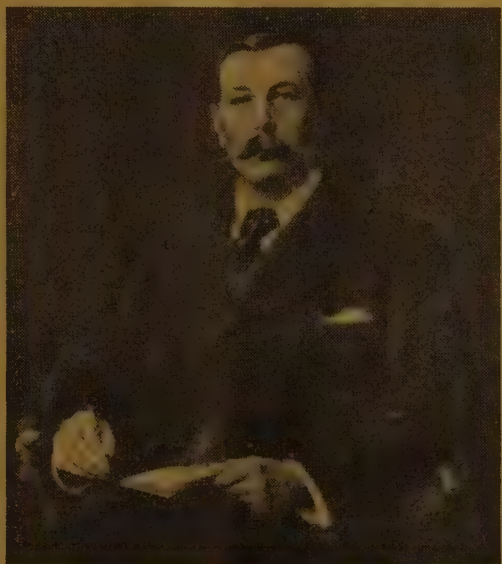
A battalion of the F... The batta



Household Cavalry parade at the opening of the Horse Show on May 14: the show on two days



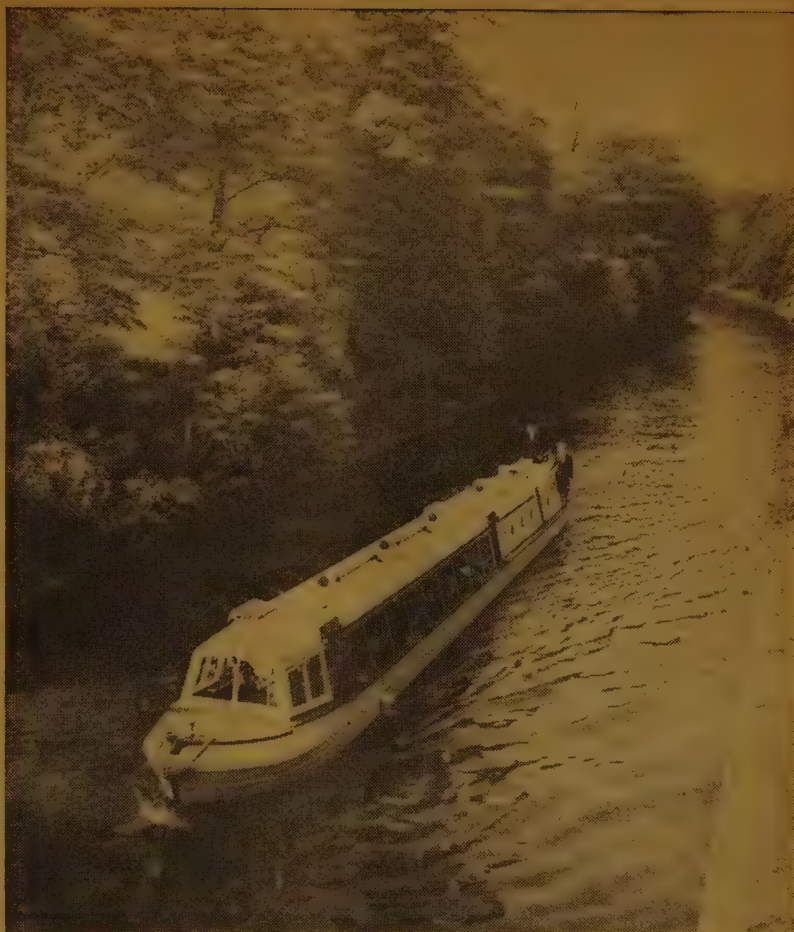
Breaking his own world record on May 14 at an hour



From 'The Life of Sir A. Conan Doyle', by J. Dickson Carr (Murray)  
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, the centenary of whose birth occurs on May 22: a portrait made in 1897 by Sidney Paget



Marching through Portsmouth on May 14 after receiving the Freedom of the City. Casket-bearer carrying the scroll conferring the honour on them



A popular form of transport to the Zoo over the Whitsun holiday: one of the new water-buses from 'Little Venice', Paddington, which came into service for the first time last week. It is hoped later to develop the banks of the canal to enable passengers to see animals and birds in their natural surroundings



*Country Life*  
Chevening Place, near Sevenoaks, Kent, which, with its estate of 3,000 acres, has been given to the nation by Lord Stanhope. The oldest part of the house dates from the mid-seventeenth century



## WHICH CAME FIRST : the business or the trip?

A fortnight ago the gentleman on the right was happily combining a visit to his overseas agents with the first real holiday in years. Now he is eagerly planning a new factory in Australia and a totally new export programme. Unusual? Not at all. For this is the P & O First Class Service to Australia. Here in one of the mighty ships of the P & O fleet the British businessman gets a *personal* picture of Australia and the East.

It's inevitable. Out of some six hundred and fifty fellow passengers travelling first-class *nearly half will be people with similar or connecting interests in the same territory as yourself*. A high percentage of those will be people from the very area you are visiting. *They'll* give you the lie of the land you're visiting as

none else can. Conditions are ideal. On P & O both the sun and the service wear a smile. You have time to know people, to pursue ideas without interruption, to rest properly. You do more constructive work in four weeks at sea than you do in four months at home. Yet you arrive back fresher than when you left!

If you have interests in Aden, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, the Pacific or 'Down Under'—it *pays* to travel *all or part way* by P & O First Class Service to Australia (or the Far East). Special seasonal terms and Executive Tickets are available. Ask someone to check *now* with your Travel Agent or with P & O direct. 14/16 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Tel: WHI 4444 or 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. Tel: AVE 8000.

**P & O** First Class to Australia is an investment



## The Holiday Spirit—IV

## Being There

J. B. BOOTHROYD

I WONDER if you've ever thought what a fraud the deck-chair is? It's amazing, really, the reputation it's got for being the last thing in comfort and luxury. I'm not thinking of its party tricks—suddenly folding flat under you and squashing six fingers, or encouraging a beachful of strangers to laugh their heads off while you juggle it about trying to find the bit with the notches on. I mean, even the ordinary, domestic chair can have a lot of private fun, rucking up the carpet and then quietly fixing its leg through a hole in the underfelt. But at least it's all right when you're in it. The deck-chair's purgatory. There you are, stretched out at forty-five degrees with a sharp wooden bar eating into your neck and another one under your knees giving you pins and needles in both legs. Just getting one on an even keel exhausts you for the day; if you're on a single, one corner is always four inches in the air—and when you think how many different-sized pebbles there are about, it's surprising how far you have to walk to find one just the right size to prop things up.

Well, you may say that in a huge, heavily-organized affair like a summer holiday the deck-chair isn't really a major factor; you probably think I'm making too much fuss altogether. But the point is that the deck-chair represents in miniature the great body of trickery and deception practised on us by the holiday as a whole. There's no denying it: when this word 'holiday' is bandied about the house during the months of planning and preparation, it has the ring of pure bliss. 'Holiday': just say it over, and a great magic-lantern slide lights up somewhere in the back of your head—miles of golden sand, the murmurous, lapping tide, cloudless skies, dreamless slumbers, the strains of distant music, the laughter of the little ones as they merrily splash and run, the jolly boatmen, the gay, striped beach-tents, the iced drinks tinkling lazily in tall glasses, the ultra-violet pushing into your system, and nothing to do but nothing, for fourteen glorious days.

Yes. Well.

I've no reason to doubt that there *are* holidays like this. But have you ever met anyone who's had one? I haven't. And does that alter the magic-lantern slide, summer by summer, as the years go by? No, it doesn't; any more than we take the first deck-chair we see and snatch it up and bash it to bits on the nearest concrete kerb. We don't, because we've got this pig-headed idea that deck-chairs are marvellous—just as holidays are marvellous—but the really marvellous thing is that we hang on to the idea. It's very reassuring, really, not only for the human race as a whole, because it shows that an irrepressible lot we are, but for that fraction of it—about 50 per cent., I should think, in the season, that depends for its livelihood on hiring out these perishing deck-chairs and trading in hard beds and buckets and spades and wheelks and beach-trays and completely spherical balls of unadorned mashed potato. It's all very mysterious, really. I bet when the Prince

Regent first walked into the sea at Brighton, and started a rush to the coast that's gone on for 140 years, he never thought thousands would be making fortunes out of people who wished they'd stayed at home.

Now, when I was describing that rather self-deluding picture of holidays, I hope you didn't think I was saying none of it ever happened, because, of course, it does. There are miles of golden sand, naturally, and we sometimes forget this, simply because there are miles of people sitting on them all the time. The little ones do laugh merrily as they splash and run . . . and it's all part of the fun that they're



splashing their little sister, who doesn't like it, and running up and down father pretending he's a basking shark—which, in fact, he could turn into pretty smartly if mother didn't keep saying 'Don't, dear—remember we're on holiday, you know', as if he's likely to forget.

As for the gay beach-tents, they're everywhere; you can't get one, of course, because apparently you should have put your name down for one in 1956; but the people who knew that (and how *do* they know, when you never seem to?) are thoroughly enjoying them; it's from their gay beach-tents, in fact, that you can hear the strains of distant music—well, not all that distant, perhaps—with one portable radio belting away at 'Music While You Work', and the one on the other side getting Hilversum, Radiò Paris, and a lot of fascinating morse.

As for the ultra-violet—well, it's up there somewhere. Don't forget, the sun's always shining, even if we can't see it. Any astronomer will tell you that. And you've only to walk along any strip of British coastline in the summer to hear people saying to each other over and over again: 'Actually, you get a much better tan when it's hot but overcast like this, because it diffuses the thingummies in the what-is-it . . . I read it in the paper'. And in

any case, we should never worry too much about the sun not being out. Remember what it was like when it came out last time, and we slapped on the sun-oil before we realized it had been knocked over and half filled with sand.

Oh, no, there's a lot of satisfaction to be got out of a holiday, always provided you don't expect too much. There are two widespread fallacies that should be guarded against. One is that the holidaymaker will be able to catch up on his reading. Just why this is a fallacy no one really knows. When you think that the only time you have at home for reading is the five minutes in bed before you fall asleep, it seems obvious that in fourteen long days of sheer idleness you should at least be able to knock off some of those classics you always feel you've read and realize you still haven't. This is why many a porter at a seaside railway station picks up a suitcase, puts it down again and goes into the staff rest-room and stays there. It weighs the best part of half a hundredweight, good solid stuff by Dickens and Trollope. I don't know whether you've ever been round the back street bookshops in a seaside resort and seen the acres and acres of Dickens and Trollope. They've been sold cheap by thousands of holidaymakers who decided they were darned if they were going to cart them all the way home again without reading them. In fact the bookshops may not be taking any more by now, I don't know; the plain truth about holiday reading is that all you need take is the whodunit you got halfway through last holiday.

The other great misconception—and I suppose it's part of the same problem, really—is that you're going to have fourteen long days of sheer idleness. You could do it, of course. You could stay in bed. But that's the only way. Once you're up, you're off, and those fourteen days are going to be what the film men call action-packed. To start with, you'll walk half a mile every day before you're even out of your pyjamas, to and from the bathroom, trying to get in. Then you choke your breakfast down and it's off to the shops. You wouldn't think a holiday would involve any shopping, especially when you remember all the things you packed in case you needed them, to save buying at exorbitant, or holiday-resort, prices; but it's extraordinary the things the family finds it needs in the local department store—things you'd pass by in a shop-window at home and never give a thought to . . . you know, bedspreads and scribbling-pads and black evening socks and chess-men and bottle-brushes and little wooden condiment sets.

I don't know why it is, but there's a sort of recklessness about holiday shopping; I suppose you get the feeling that it's costing a hundred quid anyway, why not splash it up to a hundred and ten and take home a lovely copper kettle with a meths burner underneath that turns out to have a faulty wick mechanism. So all that takes care of the first three or four days, by which time what you might call the pharmaceutical shopping sets in, everybody having



# YOU

**MRS. POLICYHOLDER**  
*have a hand in  
 high finance*

When your husband took out his life assurance policy, it was probably for purely family reasons. He wanted to protect you and the children if anything happened to him. He also planned to build up a nest-egg for his retirement. He thought—and so did you—that Life Assurance was by far the most sensible way of saving. Both of you value the freedom from worry which your policy gives you.

But your interest in your husband's policy is much more than a personal one. As the nation's most important form of personal saving, Life Assurance plays a big part in the fight against inflation—and so has an influence for good on the size of the household bills. Money from Life Assurance provides finance for Britain's industrial expansion—and that means a higher standard of living, more and better paid jobs and more security for everyone.

**Through LIFE ASSURANCE**  
**a better life for you and for everyone**

*Issued by the Life Offices' Association, London, and Associated Scottish Life Offices, Edinburgh*

caught some complaint that you'd never thought of when you packed the medicines. By then, of course, the snapshot mania catches up with you, and that means an hour every morning queuing at the photographer's, and you get so excited looking at the prints and trying to remember what they're supposed to be that you come away without getting a new film and have to go back in the afternoon.

About the middle of the holiday you get a day with no shopping; this is because father's had his first week's hotel bill and suddenly turned tight-fisted; but he can't keep this up, because it's well known that in the second week you buy presents for absent friends, so have to start promptly on the Monday going round the shops looking for some little memento for Aunt Laura, and old Mrs. Thing who gives the children Easter eggs, and of course Mabel and Jack, and the Robinson boys, and those new people on the corner who sent you that thing from Portofino you use as a fruit-dish.

But the really active and exhausting thing is the daily business of getting down to the beach. Well, it's not so much getting down to it—though that *can* mean twenty minutes' walk, two hundred steps down a cliff stairway and a quarter of a mile of sandy swamp—it's the actual organizing in the hotel bedroom, with the carrier-bags and vacuum-flasks and inflatable beach-beds and aqua-lung equipment and sun-glasses and writing-pads and tobacco and money and swim-suits and rugs and towels and binoculars and cricket-bats and insect-lotion and shrimping-nets. It's amazing, really. I mean, in the ordinary way, in your own house, if you showed the family a great heap of stuff like this

and suggested that they carted it a mile four times a day for a fortnight they'd get together with the family doctor and have you put away. But here it's perfectly all right. It's part of the great holiday mystique, the annual period of licensed lunacy when respectable Civil Servants think nothing of looking at 'What the Butler Saw', with two hats on, odd sandals, and their trousers rolled above the knee.

No one really knows what gets into us at these times. We're temporarily unbalanced. If we weren't slightly dotty, how could we take the boarding-house visitors' book on the last day and write, 'Simply wonderful, a home from home' when we've been swearing all the time that we'd report the landlady to the authorities and get her struck off the register? Has anyone ever seen an entry in one of those books that says, 'Scandalous' or 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself'? I haven't. I once stayed at a place where one of the guests used to corner me every morning after breakfast and recite a great string of furious complaints about the beds and the cooking and the plumbing noises, and when he went he even produced a poem. 'A tender thought from me to you, Now Parting on my way, I mean to come back to Sea View, For my next Holiday'. And even after he'd done it, and paid the bill, and was waiting for the taxi, he got a final rocket from the landlady for using the lavatory on somebody else's floor.

Of course, what the British landlady has never realized is that one single, simple amenity would draw eager guests like wasps round marmalade. From May to September she need never have an unfilled bed if only she'd insert six magic words in her advertising: 'Pots of Tea at All Times'.

Why they don't cotton on to this I can't imagine. And it isn't only the boarding-houses—it's the same at the biggest and glossiest hotel in the place. Some friends of ours were staying in one of these great palaces last summer and they invited us to dine with them. It was a large, costly dinner. We had a bottle of champagne. It must have put all of £16 in the management's pocket. And afterwards we all luxuriated in the palm court, with brandy and cigars, and a waiter who was a model of courtesy and attentiveness—until one of the wives suddenly said, 'Gosh, what wouldn't I give for a pot of tea!' And my friend said, 'Of course', and asked the waiter. And he went white and tight-lipped and said, 'I'm afraid that's quite out of the question', and we never saw him again.

I don't know why this is, and it's very sad. Even in France you can get tea of a sort, with hot milk and those little tiny kit-bags on a string. But not here, at the very centre of the tea-drinking belt. The only good thing to be said about this astounding fact—and perhaps, now I've got to the end of all this, I ought to say something really nice about something—is that it's wonderful to be back home again, where the operation of boiling a kettle, which defeats the catering authorities all round our 2,000 miles of coastline, can be carried off with supreme ease and confidence. And as we all sit on our battered bags, sucking down the healing fluid, we feel that it's perhaps not only the tea that it's wonderful to be back home for. But everything, absolutely everything. And who knows? This may well be the explanation, at last, of the whole holiday mystery. It's only so that we can come back that we ever go away.

—Home Service

## Expert Bidding Contest—II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE SECOND of a series of three bidding contests presenting some of the leading pairs in the country, the mixed pair Mr. S. Booker and Mrs. F. Gordon once more proved too strong for the more experienced male pair, the brothers Messrs. R. and J. Sharples. Both the hands selected for the competitors were from a practice match between the Italian world champions and Holland. This was the first, with West the dealer and neither side vulnerable:

WEST	EAST
♠ A J 10 8 7 6	♠ 5
♥ Q 4	♥ 9 8 5
♦ 7 3	♦ A J 10 5
♣ Q 6 2	♣ A K 10 8 5

Three Clubs was the limit of safety, and any spade or club part score up to that point scored a maximum ten points. At the table both West players had made a tactical opening bid of One Spade, after which it is extremely difficult to stop safely. The Italians managed to do so, as follows: 1 S—2 D—2 S—3 C—No Bid. Under the conditions of a bidding contest our two West players were having no truck with a sub-standard opening bid, and the issue was in fact decided by East's choice of opening bid. The Sharples overshoot the mark with the following auction:

WEST	EAST
No Bid	1 D
1 S	2 C
3 S	No Bid

Mr. J. Sharples preferred to open with the weaker diamond suit and be able to bid his two suits. This encouraged his partner to take the more optimistic view of a hand which was somewhere between a second round bid of Two Spades and Three Spades.

Mrs. Gordon felt it wiser to open where her main strength lay, and their sequence was: No Bid—1 C—1 S—2 C—3 C—No Bid, to give them a lead of ten points against four.

The second hand was one in which there was the added problem of opposition bidding.

Dealer South, East-West Game:

WEST	EAST
♠ K Q 10	♠ A 7 6 5
♥ J	♥ 10 9 6
♦ K 9 7 5 4 2	♦ A Q 8 3
♣ A K 9	♣ J 10

South, the dealer, opened with a bid of One Heart, after which North-South were silent. This was the Sharples' auction:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 H	Double	No Bid	2 S
No Bid	3 D	No bid	4 D
No Bid	4 S	No bid	5 D
No Bid	No bid	No bid	

Mr. J. Sharples considered, but only briefly, the initial forcing response of Two Hearts, inviting his partner to bid a suit. He estimated his partner's spade support to be about as strong as it was, but decided that diamonds would offer the safer game—a sound decision. Their score on the hand was six points, which, like the contract, was matched by their opponents.

Mrs. Gordon, East, felt justified in making the strong response of Two Hearts when her partner doubled One Heart. West, Mr. Booker, bid Three Diamonds, Mrs. Gordon raised to Four Diamonds and Mr. Booker closed the auction with a bid of Five Diamonds.

For the record, the Italian pair reached Six Diamonds after a well-informed auction in which both East and West made forcing bids in their opponents suit:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 H	Double	No Bid	2 H
No Bid	3 D	No Bid	3 S
No Bid	4 H	No Bid	5 D
No Bid	6 D	No Bid	No Bid
No Bid			

When West decided that his partner held no more than four spades it seemed a fair conclusion that he should hold two aces to warrant his initial strong action.

# The Theatre in Hungary Today

By ANDRÉ VAN GYSEGHEM

IN February of this year I was given the unique opportunity of seeing for myself what is being done in the Hungarian theatre. There are sixteen theatres in Budapest, all of them state-owned, and all that I visited were full. Prices of seats are not high, and theatre-going is easy and comfortable. There is a far wider choice of plays than I had imagined. England was represented by John Osborne, Somerset Maugham, and A. A. Milne; America by Thornton Wilder; Australia by Ray Lawler (*The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*). Marcel Aymé's *La Tête des Autres* was in rehearsal and there were new plays from Italy, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary itself. In addition, world classics were in the repertoire of every theatre. Ibsen, Molière, Lope de Vega, Bernard Shaw, Beaumarchais, Oscar Wilde, Aristophanes—I could have seen plays by all these masters during my two weeks, not to mention Shakespeare, whom the Hungarians lovingly claim as their adopted playwright.

There are plenty of new Hungarian plays—I saw three during my visit—but none which bear that mysterious quality which marks a play for posterity. The new plays reflect a feeling of restlessness—they are of today, for today, and the shortage of really good new writers is as acute in Hungary as in most other European countries.

At the People's Army Theatre (which has no connexion that I could discover with the Militia, apart from its name) I saw a new Hungarian play called *The People of Pest* which dealt with the 1956 rising, a new Czechoslovakian play, and Aristophanes's *Lysistrata*. This last was a dazzling performance of broad comedy, set and costumed in brilliant colours, with a galaxy of beautiful girls led by Eva Rutkai as Lysistrata. This actress is rapidly making a big name for herself—and rightly so, for she has a wide emotional range. The following night I saw her give a deeply poignant, muted study of a modern girl in *So Great a Love*. This story of a tragic love is set in Prague today. A judge in a Court of Law summons witnesses before him—the girl, the boy she was engaged to, his mother and the married man she left him for, and as each gives evidence the story is told in a series of flash-backs. At the end we learn the girl committed suicide. Who, asks the Judge, is responsible? It is a pitiless, moving examination into the promptings of the human heart in moments of stress and passion. The author brings off a fascinating *coup de*

*théâtre* here; the boy's mother describes her first meeting with the girl and they act the scene as she describes it. Towards the end of the play, during the girl's evidence, we see the identical scene, word for word, but acted as through the eyes of the girl with a completely different

ence of children of A. A. Milne's *Winnie the Pooh*.

Curiously enough, my one disappointment was in the field of operetta, a field which Hungary has made specifically its own in the past and where I expected to find the highest standard. The one I saw, called *Three Springs*, was so old-fashioned in treatment as to be almost a museum piece. Decors and costumes were of the 1914 vintage at the latest, and the dancing and choreography brought sharply home to me how far we and the Americans have progressed in the medium of the musical play. The performance was redeemed for me only by the spell cast by the leading lady, Hanna Honti, whose personal charm, magnetism, and superb technique as a comedienne had me on my feet shouting vociferously at the curtain calls.

I have no space to do justice to the magnificent company at the National Theatre, where I saw Ferenc Bessenyei as Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: this was a team

of the highest calibre where all the small parts were equally well played.

Perhaps I can close by mentioning my visit to the Village Theatre, a vast organization employing 300 actors split up into ten companies who take modern and classic plays to the peasants. I travelled with one of the companies to the tiny village of Golga Hev and stayed with them while they performed in the village hall.—*From a talk in Network Theatre*

emphasis, showing how the same facts can be interpreted differently by different people. The manager of the Pethofi Theatre, who is also one of its leading players, is a woman, Szousza Simon. I saw this company play Maugham's *For Services Rendered* and when I had supper with them afterwards in the Artists' Club the first thing they asked me was whether they had succeeded in creating truthfully the 'Englishness' of the play. I was able to reassure them, for the playing was remarkably similar in feeling and rhythm to the London performance. This company works splendidly as a team and is, luckily for this play, very strong in its actresses. The girls who played the three sisters, Madame Simon herself as Gwen, and Margit Dayka as Mrs. Ardsley, were all giving powerful, truly conceived and deeply emotional performances.

I also saw the younger members of the company give an enchantingly gay performance to an audi-



Scene from Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple* at the Madach Theatre, Budapest



*The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Hungarian National Theatre, Budapest

# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## The Royal Navy and its Future

Sir,—I have great respect for Mr. Richard Dimbleby's abilities but he seemed out of his depth in interviewing Lord Mountbatten for lack of naval knowledge. As a result important matters were insufficiently probed. In particular naval defence of our merchant shipping was not touched on, yet this is perhaps the prime naval responsibility and debates in the House of Lords have shown what grave fears exist that as things are it could not be discharged should need arise.

Yours, etc.,

Crowborough

WINSTER

## The Welfare State

Sir,—As a member of the Association of General and Family Caseworkers I do feel that some of Lady Wootton's statements about the role of social workers ('Matters of Moment', Home Service, May 14) should not pass unchallenged. She suggests that social workers should be like the business man's secretary who knows the services and makes the arrangements, but that those who try to do more than this are busybodies. While it is frequently possible to accept this role, all too often experience shows that something more is needed.

Lady Wootton appears to accept the need for specially skilled treatment for the mentally ill. What needs to be made clear is that there is no sharp division between the mentally ill and the mentally healthy. There are many people whose experience of life has made it particularly difficult for them to cope with their problems unaided. Sometimes this is related to some one incident in their life: sometimes unhappy childhood has led to the growth of fears, suspicions and distortions of attitudes. While such people would often never be diagnosed as mentally ill, their emotions create particular difficulties for them in finding a solution to their problems.

A substantial proportion of social workers' clients suffer from these difficulties. If one confines oneself simply to providing the service which they ask, it will often be found that the arrangements made break down, through lack of co-operation on the part of the clients, or they will return a few months later in precisely the same difficulty. These difficulties arise not because of the lack of material goods, but because of their inability to adjust to our highly complex society.

Lady Wootton appears also to discount the influence of the home in producing mal-adjusted children, and the importance for the child of healthy family relationships. It is the task of social workers to help both individuals and families with the emotional and relationship difficulties which are making a stable and happy life impossible for them. It is for this reason that training is needed which requires knowledge of psychiatry and the factors governing human behaviour. While the realization of this role may have tended to produce too great a swing to 'the psychiatric' among certain

members of the profession, social workers who confine their activities simply to providing information and making arrangements will leave untouched the real need of many of their clients.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.3

SIDNEY MILLER

## Natural Selection Re-examined

Sir,—It is disturbing to find Professor Good, in his case for re-examining the hypothesis of natural selection (THE LISTENER, May 7), asserting that its validity should be judged by the extent to which it is 'appropriate to the moral, social, and educational climate of our time'. Surely the justification for using a scientific hypothesis lies in its adequacy for correlating the observations to which it refers; social or moral aspects may determine its popular appeal, but they are irrelevant scientifically.

There may no doubt be sound scientific reasons for modifying or discarding the hypothesis of natural selection; it is the right and duty of scientists to modify or discard their hypotheses ruthlessly. But Professor Good gives little if any indication of the specific scientific basis for his argument, which appears in essence a sophisticated justification for assessing any hypothesis on political or totalitarian grounds. So far from being a way of getting nearer to the truth, it is in fact an argument which has been used in every suppression of freedom of inquiry since the condemnation of Socrates.

Yours, etc.,

Wallington

MICHAEL KELLY

## 'Wolfe at Quebec'

Sir,—I must apologize to Mr. Hibbert. While it is true that he and Mr. Connell 'trundled out' the story of Wolfe's quoting from Gray's *Elegy*, I should have made it clearer that only Mr. Connell, adopting the traditional view, ascribed the incident to the night of the assault and not to a previous night reconnaissance. The lines were certainly spoken, but is it not probable that they were the facetious comment by some officer on being pointed out the hazardous route of the forthcoming attack? That they should later have been attributed to Wolfe and just before the landing is, as one historian puts it, 'a preposterous perversion', for which no doubt John Robison in his anecdote was largely responsible.

The best corroboration for one's scepticism is supplied by Mr. Hibbert himself. His Wolfe—and it is a most convincing and credible Wolfe—would be most unlikely to have made such a quotation in such circumstances.—Yours, etc.,

Billingshurst

W. BARING PEMBERTON

Sir,—Some years ago I was in correspondence with Dr. W. R. Cunningham, then University Librarian at Glasgow University, to whom I had sent a copy of Vol. II of Playfair's *Outlines of Natural Philosophy* (second edition, 1816).

In acknowledging receipt of the book, Dr.

Cunningham said, 'My main interest in John Playfair derives from the fact that it is from him that the story that Wolfe recited certain lines from Gray's *Elegy* as he went up the St. Lawrence towards the Heights of Abraham, first came. The story is told in an obituary of Professor John Robison, his predecessor in the Chair at Edinburgh who was actually in the boat with Wolfe at that time'.—Yours, etc.,

Hemel Hempstead

H. J. EWART

## Celts in Scotland

Sir,—I was very interested in 'The Celtic Tradition' (THE LISTENER, May 7). I think your contributor is much at fault in respect to Scotland. None of those mentioned, namely Robert the Bruce (Anglo-Norman), Robert Burns (east of Scotland and Ayrshire), Sir Walter Scott (Border) was connected in any way with the Celtic portion, and none of these names can be found in the list of Celtic clans of Scotland.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool

E. SHEARER

## Jargon and Unintelligibility

Sir,—Though I have no wish to defend jargon on either side of the Atlantic, I would like to assure Mr. McFarland of California that there are many English men and women who derive the greatest delight from the vitality that Americans breathe into the language we share.

I am an avid reader of contemporary American novels, and so far from scoffing at Americanism as 'a simian version of the language used by Shakespeare' I am constantly filled with admiration at the punch and drive with which many American writers use simple and ordinary words in new contexts. No Englishman should have the arrogance to 'ridicule American speech' which is a vivid language in its own right.

As a publisher's reader I am constantly contrasting American dialogue with that of British novelists, too often to the detriment of the latter.

Yours, etc.,

Oban

DIANA KEMP

## Vincenzo Bellini

Sir,—I am writing a monograph on Vincenzo Bellini (1801-35) and would be grateful if any of your readers who might have any hitherto unpublished biographical material, letters, etc., would get in touch with me.

Yours, etc.,

The Holt, Aylestone,  
Leicester

RIGBY GRAHAM

*Tudor Enclosures*, by Joan Thirsk, Senior Research Fellow in Agrarian History, Leicester University, is the latest pamphlet to be published by the Historical Association, price 2s. 6d.

*The Story of WVS* by Virginia Graham with decorations by David Langdon has now been published by the Stationery Office, price 3s. 6d.

# Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

**I**N recent years the average amateur of art has probably known less about Duncan Grant and his work than about any other English artist of comparable stature. Grant has shown new paintings from time to time and earlier works have sometimes appeared in mixed exhibitions, but a great part of his work has remained in private collections and a good proportion of it in the possession of the artist himself. Fashion, it would seem, has passed him by and few will have suspected that his talent was as many-sided and as highly original as the exhibition of his work at the Tate Gallery now shows it to be. The organizers of this exhibition have dug away, unearthed and often cleaned and reframed—for whatever else they may have been the Bloomsbury intellectuals were not expert in museography—a most impressive and unexpected variety of paintings and other work.

The first surprise is the excellence of the earliest works, like the still life of 1906 (No. 4). The few remaining pictures of this period are extremely quiet and modest, very much in the vein of the New English Art Club, but so much better than the run of such work and in point of fact painted in Paris after a close study of Chardin and some tuition by J. E. Blanche. From these paintings one might have predicted a long and honourable career as a pillar of the N.E.A.C., another Steer, the only doubt being whether this pure and completely unostentatious sensibility would get noticed soon enough to ensure success.

The explosive discovery of what Fry called post-impressionism set the artist on a very different path, but it could not change the fundamental nature of his talent, even though it did release certain aspects of it, such as the feeling for radiant colour and the extremely personal rhythm of his handling. His art has already become so much the expression of an individual temperament that he was able to view the various revolutions of style then taking place with a certain detachment. Thus he remained balanced between the cubist and the *fauve* way of painting and could take something from each of these entirely distinct styles whenever he felt like it. And in some of the most seductive and sensitive works of this time, such as 'Pamela', a work which was shown in the post-impressionist exhibition of 1912, or 'The Open-Air Lesson', he could even revert to something like the modified impressionism of Vuillard, a style especially suitable for such *intimiste* themes.

This detachment, though natural enough in a painter who belonged to a highly critical and sophisticated society, was certainly rare at this

time, when the discovery of modern French art often induced in English painters a mood of harsh determination. Grant's delicate idealization of his own surroundings, no less than the witty and highly spontaneous invention he

It does them good to become mysterious, faint, sinister, even extra-terrestrial growths; and in the best paintings, such as the 'Bouquet', which is not unlike a Redon and done with an unusually light touch, they are by no means deprived of all their beauty.

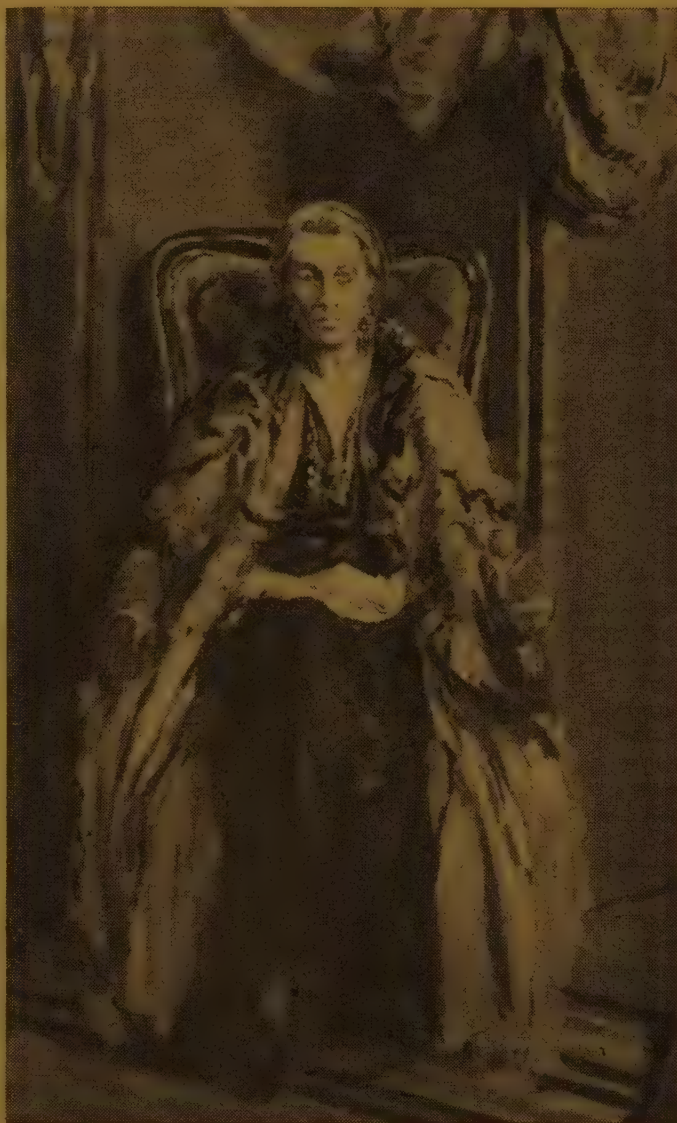
Ivon Hitchens's thirty paintings at the Leicester Galleries are nearly as distantly related to landscapes rather than to still life. He is erratic in his power of suggesting the light and colour of a particular place and sometimes introduces rather arbitrary and decorative colours such as the mauve in 'Purple Woods'; but the best of these works, usually the darkest, have richness and depth of colour. At the same gallery Miss Ray Howard-Jones shows extremely delicate and minutely executed water-colours of various features, from moths to rocks, of the island of Skomer and she well conveys her nostalgic feeling for the place.

At the Institute of Contemporary Arts there are displayed exercises in pure design by the pupils of Victor Pasmore, Harry Thurbon, Alan Davie, Terry Frost and other artists engaged in teaching. There is a strong flavour—whether it is more than a flavour—is not easy to say—of scientific method in these researches, but one may notice that nearly all these pupils have acquired a sensitivity of touch not unlike that of their various masters. Jean Fautrier, exhibiting at the Hanover Gallery, puts forward a testimonial from Sir Herbert Read to prove that he has been doing action painting for years and long before the Americans took it up. The exhibition shows that he is still doing action painting, and with considerable dexterity.

Mr. John Dodgson, now in his seventieth year, shows paintings at the Beaux-Arts Gallery which may surprise those who know him chiefly by his precise and sensitive drawings. There is no doubt some influence of Gauguin in these flattened designs, which are painted with a dense and firm impasto but they are also the product of

highly idiosyncratic imagination working within a framework of intellectual construction. At Tooth's Gallery Jean de Botton shows a series of paintings called 'Imaginary Horizons', professional in execution but somewhat modish.

Bryan Robertson says in the preface to the catalogue that Bernard Meadows, who shows sculpture at the Gimpel Fils Gallery, is 'the most important single figure of his generation in Europe; or for that matter in America'. It must be conceded that the sculpture does actually look very angry. At the same gallery there are comparatively slight action paintings in oil on paper or in gouache, by Karel Appel, William Gear, and Riopelle.



'Vanessa Bell' (1942), by Duncan Grant: from the exhibition at the Tate Gallery

showed in such works as 'The Tub', were an unlikely but welcome result of the impact of Picasso and Cézanne. But it is not to be supposed that there was anything frivolous about this light treatment of the earnest researches of the school of Paris; there has always been a very serious and searching element in Grant's character, an aspect of his mind which shows itself in the best of his portraits—this exhibition makes it clear that he has a special gift for painting portraits—or in the most thorough and methodical of his many paintings of still life.

Flowers and vegetables are the subjects of Mr. Edward Burra's large water-colours at the Lefevre Gallery and they obviously suit his art.

# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Mistress to an Age: A Life of Madame de Staël.** By J. Christopher Herold. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

Reviewed by DAVID THOMSON

MR. HEROLD'S BIOGRAPHY of Madame de Staël has already been hailed in the United States as a masterpiece, and in this country it is the Book Society's unanimous choice for the month. It is indeed erudite and penetrating, yet highly entertaining. Its author shows great skill in dominating the enormous amount of material in hand, and in eliciting from the fantastic story of Germaine's loves and exploits a convincing, coherently intelligible interpretation of this remarkable woman and her age. As a pure piece of literary biography it deserves the high praise it has been given.

Mr. Herold does something more, which his critics have tended to overlook. He attempts a reassessment of the political thought of Madame de Staël and of her place in intellectual history; and his two dozen pages on 'Ideology' are among the most important in the book. 'To look upon Madame de Staël as a novelist and literary critic', he contends, 'is to misunderstand her; she was, above all, a political thinker, a moralist, and a philosopher of history'. He sees in the daughter of Necker, who at the age of six sat silent (for once) in her mother's salon listening to the talk of Diderot, Buffon, and Gibbon, one of the last great thinkers of the Enlightenment. 'She was a pure product of intellectualism and rationalism'. Though presented, traditionally, as the pioneer of Romanticism—and she did much to spread the ideas of German Romanticism—she was more significant as the transmitter of eighteenth-century rationalism to nineteenth-century liberal idealism. The function of literature, she believed with the *philosophes*, was to free mankind from ignorance, brutality, superstition, and injustice—to civilize men and society. This was also a function of government. She sought, like Rousseau, a synthesis of reason and feeling. Her Romanticism is less a reaction against the Enlightenment than a development from it.

This is an important truth about the connexion between two movements which are so often artificially opposed in false antithesis. It is also the most important insight into the character of Madame de Staël herself. Her long and brave fight against Napoleon—who also, in some ways, represented an extension and a positivist application of rationalist, scientific ideas—was more than a personal, temperamental revulsion. It was more, even, than the result of frustrated idealistic hopes. It was a conflict of intellect and of principle, between a tyrant in the classical sense, who sought to subject men to the machine of government, and a woman who believed passionately in the values of freedom and the human spirit. It was a shrewd instinct that prompted Napoleon to look upon her as his most implacable enemy, to exile her and suppress her *De l'Allemagne*. His device for putting her out of countenance at their last meeting was highly characteristic and an admission

of his own weakness. She had (as doubtless he guessed) prepared in advance her answers to all likely questions.

Bonaparte, passing through the throng with Lucien at his side, stopped in front of Madame de Staël and scrutinized her imposing *décolletage* as if he were inspecting the battle scars of a grenadier. 'No doubt', he said brusquely, 'you have nursed your children yourself?' Germaine had not anticipated that question; she was petrified.

It is this conflict of principle that lends grandeur and meaning to a career which would otherwise be in large part a tedious account of neurotic scenes and erotic adventures. The ideas she represented could not be crushed by police or insults: they were, indeed, stimulated and spread throughout Europe by the very wars and oppressions in which Napoleon indulged. Perhaps she had her revenge when Benjamin Constant, most persistent and captivated of all her lovers, was employed by Bonaparte during the Hundred Days to adorn his last desperate régime with a tone of liberalism. Wellington only completed the victory already won by Germaine and Constant.

## The Nine Days of Dunkirk

By David Divine. Faber. 21s.

This book is an excellent account, clear, readable and well proportioned, of its subject; and the only complaint that can be made against it is that its title does not properly indicate what the subject is. Mr. Divine does not deal only with operation 'Dynamo', in the course of which, in the nine days from May 26 to June 3, 1940, 139,732 British and 139,097 French and Belgian troops were got back to this country to join the 59,397 troops who had been evacuated before 'Dynamo' began. His first six chapters—and they are among the best in the book—set the scene with an admirable analysis of the German break-through in the Battle of France, of the retreat of the B.E.F. under Lord Gort, and of the delaying operations that were fought at Boulogne and Calais.

In these preliminary chapters and in the study of the evacuation itself the book does not add much to the information that has already been published in, for example, the official military histories of the war at sea and of the fighting in France and Flanders. But in setting out to summarize all that is known about this single if central operation of the war in the West during the first half of 1940, and in relating it in a book which is thorough without being too lengthy, the author has performed a useful service. Nor does he merely succeed in showing the reader all the different features of the operation in their correct relationship. In the course of doing this he has taken care to confront the various legends that have grown up in connexion with Dunkirk, and dispelled them.

No careful reader of the book will continue to believe, as most of the world still believes, that the evacuation was carried out by vast numbers of small craft spontaneously setting out from England, unorganized and uncontrolled; or, as many Frenchmen still believe, that France was deserted by the B.E.F.; or, as

many Germans believe, that the B.E.F. escaped because of a decision by Hitler to stop the advance of the German panzer divisions on the line of the Aa Canal; or that the R.A.F. won qualitative superiority over the beaches; or that it was General Brooke rather than Lord Gort who accomplished the retreat and saved the British Army. In this last connexion Gort is given the credit as firmly as Admiral Ramsay is given it for controlling the shipping side of the operation and Mr. Churchill is given it for controlling the political situation. And in his assessment of these personal contributions, as in his analysis of the other legends, Mr. Divine's judgments are always reliable.

F. H. HINSLEY

## Goethe's Major Plays

By Ronald Peacock.

Manchester University Press. 21s.

It is not easy to assess any one aspect of the writing or personality of Goethe, a man who diffused his energies over so many fields—poetry, drama, fiction, autobiography, science, administration and so on—and who showed in his life as in his writings a continuity that is undeniably and admirably there amid the diversity, even though it eludes close definition. While Goethe may be primarily a lyrical poet, he is most accessible to the general reader through selected plays or novels. An examination of all the works cast in dramatic form, farces, operettas, festival plays, sketches and fragments, would have to include much that is ephemeral. Professor Peacock's method is to choose for discussion those plays which have proved themselves as practical stage-works of literary merit. *Götz von Berlichingen*, *Egmont*, *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, *Torquato Tasso* and *Faust I* are seen as the major plays. The Shakespearean chronicle-play and pageant of sixteenth-century Germany, *Götz*, is admitted to be more restricted in its accomplishment than the others. *Clavigo* and *Stella* are also analysed for the light they throw on more important works, while the discussion of *Faust I* cannot omit reference to the untheatrical second part.

The plays of Goethe which have remained a living part of world drama are in essence a product of the poet's earlier life, for with the exception of *Faust I* they were complete by the time he was forty. The French Revolution then challenged Goethe, but his efforts to catch its significance in dramatic form were unsuccessful. His long-standing interest in opera led him to write a libretto for a continuation of *The Magic Flute*; but he could not find a second Mozart.

The plays contain a variety of characteristics; Shakespeare, Classicism, Enlightenment, Rococo, Rousseau and the eighteenth century middle-class drama all have some part. The author notes Goethe's main shortcoming as a dramatist, his lack of centralised, compelling plots. Goethe creates dramatic portraits where one chief figure is depicted in self-revelation (monologue is frequently used) and through the descriptions of others, or where the poet splits his personality into Faust and Mephistopheles, or Tasso and Antonio. There is no unmitigated tragedy, for life is conceived as fundamentally good and purposeful; pedagogic and moral tones are

# AMERICAN SCENE SETTER



JOYCE EGGINTON doesn't look like a journalist, at least, not like the fast-talking, hard-bitten news-gatherer of popular fancy. Yet her razor-sharp reporting has already made a big impression on that notoriously sceptical world—and in America at that.

In her childhood she dreamed of a career as a painter, but by her 'teens she had decided that her real talent was for writing. At 17 she was sending in on-the-spot reports from Sir Winston's constituency in the 1945 election. Later, after working for a spell on a woman's magazine, she decided that the hothouse atmosphere of fashion and beauty was not for her. So she made tracks for Fleet Street and a staff job on the News Chronicle, where her work was very soon recognised and appreciated.

She was given a chance to cover every sort of assignment, from the frivolity of beauty contests to the stark tragedy of the East Coast flood disaster of 1953. She found herself travelling—to Russia with the first party of students since the war (which provided material for an exciting first book), and to the West Indies on a royal tour. This roused her interest in the problem of Jamaican

immigrants in Britain, and a period of research led to the publication of her second book, "They Seek A Living".

Then came a new assignment, a bit frightening, maybe, but immensely challenging—her present job as News Chronicle Correspondent in New York. Here, she feels, is the world's biggest melting-pot, the dynamic heart of Western civilisation. She believes that though America cannot always provide the best solution to the problems that face us, at least they will be freely discussed there. That is what makes her job so absorbing and so stimulating.

She finds inspiration and encouragement in every facet of American life, and her weekly column, "American Scene", has a perceptiveness that reaches out far beyond the canyons of New York into the inexhaustible richness of American life.

At 32, she is one of the most respected British correspondents in America today and her work has recently been singled out for special mention by TIME magazine in a survey of American journalism. Her ambitions? To go on improving her writing, and to travel some more, particularly in Soviet Asia.

A newspaper is as  
good as the people  
who write for it

## News Chronicle

present, and none of the big problems are side-stepped. The liveliness of the plays is derived from individual scenes rather than in an overall tautness of design. Then there are the indefinables, the poetry, the colour and the warmth of feeling. The individual plays are lucidly analysed; there is Egmont's dilemma between private and public life, Iphigenie as 'an icon for late eighteenth century moral sensibility', Tasso as a play about the disparity between a poet's dream of self-centred happiness and his need to live in a real world. The discussion of *Faust* makes the point that the hero changes his character and scope in the course of the pact-scene: Faust forgoes nature-mysticism in favour of an ambition for outgoing experience; he leaves his study to become a restless wanderer, air-borne by magic and the ideal. Professor Peacock's closely argued and perceptive book will be valuable to all who are interested in drama as well as to students of German literature.

H. M. WAIDSON

## Life and Death in the Bronze Age

By Sir Cyril Fox.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 5s.

Of all the surviving classes of antiquity in the field which make up our rich inheritance from the past, none is more numerous than the round barrows of the Bronze Age; and none has been more frequently examined. During the nineteenth century, barrow digging achieved almost the status of a field sport (to which, incidentally, the clergy showed a notable addition). Barrows were opened in their hundreds and the results laid out in books and articles for the admiration of the learned world, like the bag at the end of a day's shooting. Today at least these antiquaries' game-books make tedious and even infuriating reading, for they consist of little more than catalogues of trophies: the selected vessels, weapons and ornaments with which the dead were equipped for the after-life. There is no hint in their interminable and repetitive pages that, no less than the grave-goods, the structure of burial mounds could be used, sometimes in the most minute and human detail, to illumine the rituals for the dead, and through them the acts and even the very thoughts of the living.

Our sense of the inadequacy of these early accounts is a measure of the change in our attitude to the kind of information that an excavation can yield. And this change we owe in large measure to one man, the author of this book. From its very beginning, nearly forty years ago, Sir Cyril Fox's fieldwork has exemplified his belief that a mere record of things seen is not enough. The evidence must not only be recorded. It must also be interpreted, not merely as a sequence of events, but as the tangible expression of specific human purposes, and within the framework of a code of established behaviour which is no less real or compelling even if its details must remain for ever beyond our grasp.

As Sir Mortimer Wheeler has truly said, 'Cyril Fox has revealed and lit up the mumbo-jumbo of Bronze Age burial with the fires of an unrelenting imagination'. Nowhere, perhaps, can we see this imagination more fruitfully at work than in an interpretation of one of the earliest excavations here described. 'The conclusions drawn from these facts were that the dead man's home was on the north side of the site chosen for his burial; that he had been ceremonially borne by friends or kinsfolk up to, and into, the

trench; that those who carried him were not allowed to enter the consecrated area round the grave, but that the persons charged with the performance of the burial rites were awaiting the bearers beyond the trench. The body was handed over, and these persons descended with it into the grave'. The words, and the situation they describe, are simple enough. Yet they give a sense of immediacy, almost of presence as an eye-witness, which springs from a rare creative imagination, and one which has had a profound influence, not always recognized explicitly, on the expanding field of archaeological inquiry. How far a cry from the dusty catalogues of a former generation, or indeed from those terse pedagogic museum labels which still serve (and how inadequately) to introduce an inquiring public to its Bronze Age ancestors.

Most of the barrow-excavations here described took place in Wales, when the author was Director of the National Museum. To specialists they have long served as familiar and inspiring models; to the wider public for which they are now presented afresh they will be a revelation of the degree to which, in the hands of a master, archaeology can claim to reconstruct the past.

R. J. C. ATKINSON

## The Ark in Our Midst

By R. S. R. Fitter. Collins. 18s.

Some people think that liberating alien animals to become naturalized and so completely established that they hold their own with the native fauna is a crime against nature in any country. Past experience has shown that it is often a crime against agriculture or other interests of man, as well as the cause of the decimation or even extermination of interesting native creatures. But such introductions are not always disastrous, as the author shows us in this book; if they can fit into an unoccupied ecological niche they may harmlessly add variety and interest to the native fauna.

In this book Mr. Fitter gives the history of the thirteen kinds of mammals, ten birds, two reptiles, three amphibians and ten fishes that have succeeded in establishing themselves in the British Isles. This is a surprisingly long list, for the mammals alone amount to nearly a quarter of the fifty-three species of land mammal that are now living and breeding at large in the country. Many of the introductions have been made in order to increase the numbers of animals that can be killed for sport, some primarily to add ornament to private estates from which they have escaped. Some that are commensals of man have really introduced themselves though they are regarded as accidental introductions; and a few have been made in a rather irresponsible spirit of curiosity or even mischief.

As the author points out, most successful introductions are those of animals that ought to have colonized our islands naturally but were unlucky in extending their range northwards after the last ice age, and arrived in northern Europe too late to cross the straits of Dover by the land bridge which was destroyed only about 7,000 years ago. These species have been so successful since their introduction by man that it is obvious that they would have been true natives had they arrived in time. On the other hand, some, such as the rabbit, are probably descended from domesticated strains that are more adaptable to new conditions than their truly wild ancestors. One of the most striking ex-

amples of harmless introduced species is the little owl. 'The British avifauna as it stood in 1875 had a vacancy for a small diurnal, mainly insect-eating bird of prey. This niche the little owl filled admirably on the continent, and thanks mainly to Lilford and Meade-Waldo, now fills admirably in Britain also'.

But the failures are equally as interesting as the successes, and in some ways their histories are even more extraordinary. Mr. Fitter has gathered his material widely. His book is the first comprehensive survey ever made of our larger introduced animals, and is leavened with a mass of curious historical and other out-of-the-way facts about natural history in Britain.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

## Germany and World Politics in the Twentieth Century. By Ludwig Dehio. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

The title of this book at first sight suggests those cosmic phrases dear to many German professors. But let no would-be reader fear; Professor Dehio is a historian of unusual open-mindedness, lucidity, and integrity, one, too, who throws in delightful comments for good measure—'It takes a Montague to understand a Capulet', he remarks *à propos* French suspicion of Germany after the Treaty of Versailles.

In a way it is less than just to Professor Dehio to publish these essays as five units of writing which involve repetition, when they might, with little trouble to the author, have been made into one consecutive whole. As they stand, the last one, *The Passing of the European System*, seems to lack the long-term interest and striking originality of the rest. The third essay, on Germany's chosen mission between 1900 and 1918, is the most circumscribed piece of historical writing in the book, enlarging as it does the first part of the first essay on Germany over the period of both world wars—it is here that repetition becomes inevitable.

In carefully weighed words Professor Dehio shows his readers that the *kleindeutsch*, liberal imperialists of Hohenzollern Germany almost consciously provoked a war with Britain because they were unwilling to accept the power of the British Navy in the world. The British Isles would lose their independence if they lost their naval supremacy; thus if this were challenged the British were bound to fight. It was not a matter of commercial rivalry at all. The publicists of Germany, men like Delbrück and Rohrbach, propagated the faith that the challenge to Britain was a bid for the liberation of the non-European nations from British tutelage. Max Weber and his kind even regarded war against the British as the logical sequel of the foundation of the Reich. But when the war came in terms of European conflicts—the Slavonic challenge to Austria-Hungary, the Polish question, Alsace-Lorraine, and so on—the Germans found themselves opposed to the liberation of oppressed nationalities nearer home. Indeed, they were propagandistically defeated before they began by the Schlieffen Plan which spelt the invasion of Belgium. It was true that Flemish sentiment welcomed the Germans, but, as Professor Dehio writes, Flanders and Ireland were the two exceptions which proved the rule; later he makes Finland into a third.

In his first essay Professor Dehio makes no bones about a development which is nearly

always post-dated and attributed to the Nazi period. Here it is roundly stated that, from the moment of the defeat of the Delbrück programme of extra-European expansion in 1918, the Germans as a whole reverted to *grossdeutsch* ambitions for the absorption of Austria and expansion at the expense of the Slav nations to their east. What Professor Dehio deplores is that Germany has contributed so little in the way of political ideas other than to vacillate between the *kleindeutsch* and *grossdeutsch* forms of imperialism. The only ideas with important political implications which have come from

Germany came from Luther and Marx: these, he remarks in an odd under-statement, contributed nothing to German politics; on the contrary, both led to a sterile division of the German nation. Although it was to remain a dream, Professor Dehio does homage to the idea which came from the United States in 1918. 'What had been realized in America through the Constitution was to be realized the world over through the League of Nations, which was an expression of all the Anglo-Saxon ideals of freedom—both human and political'. Professor Dehio's revised verdict on the Versailles peace

settlement after a second world war is expressed in the criticism that it was distorted and corrupted because the intention of the peace-makers of 1919 was never carried out.

Although this book is bound to suffer something in translation, it is nevertheless exceedingly readable. Should there ever be a second edition, however, might the translator, Die Pevsner, be persuaded to use the word 'hermony' a little less often? It is a clumsy word in English, and the richness of our vocabulary provides a number of alternatives.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

## New Novels

*The Last Summer.* By Boris Pasternak. Peter Owen. 12s. 6d.

*Native Ground.* By Philip Callow. Heinemann. 15s.

*No Longer Human.* By Osamu Dazai. Peter Owen. 15s.

*In Fear of Silence.* By John Slimming. Murray. 12s. 6d.

THE element of autobiography is strong in all these books, though Mr. Slimming is less interested in himself than in documenting his experiences in Malaya. We do not know how closely we should identify the 'I' in Mr. Dazai's extraordinary book with its author, but we cannot help feeling that it constitutes a personal case-history of a very painful kind. As for Pasternak's short novel, first published in Leningrad in 1934, we should find it very difficult indeed to distinguish between the personalities of its author and its hero.

*The Last Summer* begins in 1916 when its hero, Serezha, is visiting his sister in the provinces. He recollects his experiences of two years earlier, during 'that last summer when life still appeared to pay heed to individuals and when it was easier and more natural to love than to hate'. He had then just left the university and was employed as a tutor in a prosperous Moscow family, the Frestelns; he fell in love with Anna Arild Torskyold, a Danish lady employed as Mrs. Fresteln's companion but treated as if she were one of the servants. Serezha declared his love and it was reciprocated, but the affair came to nothing, except for the pain it later provoked in memory, and Serezha and Arild parted when Serezha left Moscow to spend the summer holiday with the Frestelns on their country estate.

This ordinary little story, hardly more than an anecdote, in Pasternak's hands serves as the framework for the extraordinary series of images in which the world reveals itself to Serezha; it is as if the flow of images is itself the real story of the book and events merely an occasion for it. The images convey a sense of life as a stream of sensations, wonderfully rich and brilliant, a fluid mirror which is itself incessantly changing in depth and tone and colour; 'it was wonderful to feel that one was less in a draught than just part of a straining bird with a Schumann aria in one's soul'. It comes as a shock when one suddenly meets, in a description of a prostitute's room, as direct a statement as: 'It smelled here of the signal pungency of Christianity'.

Pasternak himself has said that he dislikes his style before 1940, and after reading *Dr. Zhivago* we can understand why this should be so. But if in *The Last Summer* Pasternak's

imagery sometimes seems forced, eccentric, or artificial, we cannot really be sure whether this is so in the original, for it is certain that his language makes almost unparalleled demands upon a translator; what we cannot doubt is that it is the language of a master. Only we can never be sure that the precise note, colour, texture, tone, of a word or a phrase has been truly caught, and in such a writer as Pasternak that may perhaps be the most important thing of all.

To read *Native Ground* after *The Last Summer* is to breathe an air which is so intensely English that it might well seem almost parochial; it says much for Mr. Callow that the contrast is not intolerable. *Native Ground* is a collection of sketches in which Mr. Callow conveys a peculiarly vivid and convincing vision of life in an industrial town in the Midlands. The world he describes, of the street, the public park, the factory, the machine-shop, is the same world as that of Mr. Henry Green's *Living*, and Mr. Callow might have taken the same title for his book without suffering too much by the comparison it would provoke. It is indeed a tribute to the merit of both books that one feels that the world they describe really exists, and is the same world; it is only the angles of vision which differ and for the reader they both enrich each other. These sketches of playing truant from school, of apprenticeship in a factory, of first love and first seduction in an industrial town, have a combination of sober realism and natural poetry which to me at least expresses the essence of the life and people of whom Mr. Callow writes.

*No Longer Human* is also autobiographical, but neither the society nor the self it describes has much to do with the Midlands. It is by the Japanese novelist, Osamu Dazai, who committed suicide in 1948. In an interesting introduction Professor Donald Keene explains how completely modern Japanese literature is dominated by Western ideas and how little it owes to Japan's traditional culture. Perhaps this explains the uncanny feeling one has, in reading *No Longer Human*, that our familiar concepts are being used, with great skill, to express something which is in fact inexpressibly alien. *No Longer Human*, which consists of the notebooks of a young Japanese, reads like a monologue by

some minor character in Dostoevsky; it has the same air of convincing and embarrassing sincerity, the same assumption that the normal conventions of life are simply disguises for the troubles of the individual soul, which suffices intolerably by the disguise, the same bizarre and painful humour, as we find in the outbursts of a Marmeladoff. Its hero, the son of a prosperous family of landowners, is intelligent, attractive, and by nature warm-hearted, but he is so convinced of his complete alienation from other human beings that from childhood on he adopts buffoonery as his best and only protection against living. He goes to the university in Tokyo, sinks into idleness and debauchery, cut off by his father, takes to drink and then drugs, and is finally committed to a lunatic asylum. His notebooks read almost like the diary of an angry young man of our own time in a place; what is different is that they are deeply disturbing and affecting, and have a kind of savage integrity which is not common here. Reading *No Longer Human* is a distressing and painful experience. Its author himself quotes Dostoevsky; one also thinks of Céline.

With *In Fear of Silence* one is safely back not only in Western, but in specifically British conventions, even though its action takes place in the jungles of Malaya. A special force of volunteers, composed of renegades from the communists, has been dispatched on patrol in the jungle; they have no radio set and for a week are out of communication with their headquarters. In the jungle their paths cross with those of two bands of terrorists who are converging on a rendezvous near the town to which the patrol is to return. An informer reveals the terrorists' movements to the police authorities in the town, but they can take no action, and for a week they await the results of the murderous game, half hide-and-seek, half blind man's-buff, which the security forces and the terrorists play together. Mr. Slimming's characters, English, Malayan and Chinese, civil and military, are not much better than stock figures, though perfectly effective ones, but this does not matter because the interest of their part comes from the dramatic and horrible operations in the jungle to which the English volunteers typically give the polite name of *The Emergency*.

GORONWY REES

## INVEST IN CITY OF COVENTRY MORTGAGE LOANS

(Trustee Securities)

### 5½% FOR 6 TO 10 YEARS

For further particulars apply:

City Treasurer (L.) Council House,  
Coventry

## HOW TO WRITE..

Each month, THE WRITER publishes new helpful articles specially designed to achieve one aim—to enable you to increase your income by writing. Benefit, then, from the knowledge and experience of experts in every field of saleable writing. Increase your income by learning how to write effectively for magazines and newspapers, for book publishers, for radio and T.V.

**FREE** Send now for free folder, "What's In It for You!"

THE WRITER, 124, NEW  
BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Write after reading The Writer—

## ... AND SELL!

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

# FOYLES

That's what I call quick service—I telephoned Foyles at 10 a.m. and the book (although it was out-of-print) reached me by the next morning's post.

—A Customer's Letter

We can supply all Books reviewed, or advertised in "The Listener" and all other publications.

119-125

CHARING CROSS ROAD  
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (20 lines)  
Open 9-6 (incl. Sats.)

5 mins. from Tottenham Court Rd. Stn.



Maureen Brigden, ex-Wren Eagle stewardess from Essex, flies with you on Eagle DC-6 C services to Europe.

You  
and I  
fly

# EAGLE

to  
the sun  
in

# Europe



FLY EAGLE DIRECT to your holiday sunshine. All over Europe—to the heart of the loveliest holiday regions—Eagle offers you swift comfortable services that get you there in a few hours. Your holiday is longer, happier, easier—when you fly Eagle.

### EASY-PAYMENTS PLAN

You can fly on any of these routes for a small down-payment—and spread the remainder over six to twenty-one months.

(All services Tourist Class)



Make a note of these direct Eagle routes

LONDON to  
**Ostend**  
**Jersey**  
**La Baule**  
**Dinard**  
**Pisa (for Florence)**  
**Rimini**  
**Innsbruck**  
**Basle (Air/Rail)**  
**Luxembourg**

MANCHESTER to  
**Bergen**  
**Ostend**

BIRMINGHAM to  
**Palma**

Full details and reservations from your Travel Agent or

# EAGLE

## AIRWAYS

LONDON: 40 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.2. AMBASSADOR 7799

MANCHESTER: 75 DEANS GATE, DEANS GATE 8731

BIRMINGHAM: 115/117 COLMORE ROW, CENTRAL 4600

GLASGOW: 63 BUCHANAN STREET, C.1. CITY 6218

## IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

### FACTORS AFFECTING PROFITS

The 32nd annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., was held on May 14 in London.

Sir Alexander Fleck, K.B.E., F.R.S., chairman, in the course of his speech said: By comparison with 1957 the results for 1958 were disappointing; the gross sales of the Group were unchanged, but trading profits before taxation were £10 million less, and after taxation they were £5 million less. It has been explained in the Annual Report that part of the reduction in profits can be attributed to increased costs, due to the operation below full capacity of a number of plants, some of recent construction and some recently extended. In addition to this, competition—particularly in overseas markets—has led to reduction in the prices of some of our products in order to maintain the volume of business.

### No reason to be discouraged

I have said that the results are disappointing, but we should not be discouraged. It is natural in any manufacturing industry which has to invest very large sums in plant and machinery that a failure of turnover to rise should result in a decline in profits, particularly when the capital invested is large in relation to turnover, as it is in our case. The converse, however, is also likely to be true; if the profits are sensitive to turnover then an upward movement of turnover is likely to be reflected in a more than proportional increase in profits. For many of our products there has been a steady upward trend of demand over the years. We are confident that with our continuing efforts to keep up the quality of the Company's products and to develop sales in export markets all over the world, plants which in 1958 were not fully occupied will, as and when demand expands, be working at or near full capacity with a favourable effect upon profits.

The 3½ per cent. Loan Stock which was issued in January 1957 was convertible into Ordinary Stock at the option of the holder during any one of three periods: July 1958, July 1959 and July 1960, the terms of conversion varying according to the period chosen. Over £24 million of the £40 million Loan Stock was converted in 1958, and this has increased the Ordinary Stock of the Company by approximately £17½ millions. May I remind you that the right of converting the remainder can be exercised this year, that is in July 1959, when 34½ units of Ordinary Stock can be obtained for every £50 of Loan Stock held. The final period of option will be July 1960 when 33 units of Ordinary Stock can be obtained for each £50 of Loan Stock held.

### Prospects for 1959

I now turn to our prospects for 1959. First of all, let me say how much we welcome the tax reductions which have been announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Even after this reduction our tax burdens remain among the heaviest in the world, and we hope that we can regard the 1959 reduction as just one step towards bringing them down to levels nearer to those of some of our competitors in Continental Europe. The immediate cash advantage of the reduction of 9d. in the £ on income tax goes at once to Stockholders in the lower amount of tax deducted from dividends payable after April 1959. In the long run, however, the Company will gain materially both from this reduction and from the conversion of a substantial proportion of the initial allowance into investment allowance. The direct advantage to the Company is important, but so also will be the indirect advantage which the extra purchasing power will give to the buyers of the Company's products, who will not only benefit themselves but we hope will be stimulated to expand their activities to take up some of the slack in the economy, and help to bring more employment in those areas which have been the worst hit by the recession of 1958.

It is too early to forecast with confidence the likely outcome for 1959. Some industries which are our customers remain rather depressed; others are more buoyant. Up to the present, turnover in 1959, in both home and export markets, has been somewhat above that for 1958, but it would be wise to await the announcement of the results of the first half year, instead of drawing any conclusions from an early and tentative statement such as this.

So far as exports are concerned some markets remain difficult, but others have been rather more open than they were in 1958. An interesting development has been a substantial expansion in what has been and still is a modest amount of trade with the countries of Eastern Europe. Taking a long view, these countries should become valuable additional markets.

Keen competition will continue to be met in 1959, but I have no doubt that we shall continue to make good progress in the months and years that lie ahead.

The report was adopted.

# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Loose End Kids

THROUGHOUT ITS EYE-OPENING seventy-five minutes John Elliot's dramatized documentary, 'Roundabout', held me as the ancient mariner held the wedding guest. And how excellent to have a documentary of full feature length. Plays of varying merit are given their regular ninety minutes, but it is rare for a documentary to run more than three-quarters of an hour.

'Roundabout'—composed partly on film and partly of material transmitted 'live'—was set in and around the new working-class London of comfortable modern flats with lifts, launderettes, etc., where people 'rehoused' from the slums of Bermondsey face a life of material prosperity, with Dad and Mum planning another coach trip to the Tyrol—I preferred it to Italy'. But their adolescent children are on the loose. They've seen all the X films, and there seems to be nothing to do except wander round the streets, the boys sleeking combs through their hair at every corner in preparation for the great adventure that never comes. Shirley goes out for the evening with Les, strictly a grammar school type, with his own scooter; but Lofty, the terror of the neighbourhood, gets his eye on her and whips out his knife in the local 'caff'; later he tries to make love to her—a scene of remarkable realism, this—in a subterranean dance-hall in the Chislehurst Caves (used during the war as an air-raid shelter). Lofty is the only delinquent in the group. His stooge, Danny, a lonely boy, neglected by his parents, pals up with Shirley's younger sister Dorothy, the 'brainy' one ('You can't start thinking about boys till you've got your G.C.E.'). Their relationship was touchingly and truly observed: they were authentic but not type-cast, the girl pathetically trying to make herself seem older than she was, the boy weak, proud, decent and bored, repeating the catch-phrases of his generation—I don't do anything much', 'I'm all right'. In a striking sequence, he talks to Dorothy about the good old friendly days in the slums of dockland, and one thought how young he was for nostalgia—yet only this was real to him, not his new life on the empty, expensive

estate. He and Dorothy get caught in a car stolen by Lofty, for whom they cover up. They are put on probation; and the piece ended with Lofty 'persuading' Danny to help him on some 'job'.

One assumed Lofty would be caught; but one had grown so interested in these people that I almost resented the sudden anti-climax of the ending, with its social message—the probation-officer rooting hard for youth clubs, the mother sobbing 'We gave her everything, wireless, gramophone, telly, what can have gone wrong?' We expect art to tie up the loose ends into an acceptable parcel; the task of documentary is to throw parcel, string and all, just as they are, into our laps: 'and lead us to an overwhelming ques-



Two scenes from the dramatized documentary programme, 'Roundabout', on May 12: above, in the Chislehurst Caves dance hall with (left to right) Larry Dann as Les, Robert Scroggins as Lofty, and Judy Robinson as Shirley; below, in a Juvenile Court



tion'. We have created a prosperous urban society: yet these young people are bored, restless, and, what seems to me far more significant, terrifyingly ill-educated: Dorothy's love of reading was received by Danny as if it were something out of this world. Mr. Elliot's questions were far bigger than the stock answers sketched in at the end of his programme. But most of the time one did not think in terms of questions and answers: as a piece of *verismo*, I don't think 'Roundabout' could have been bettered: dialogue, acting, and photography were all most convincing.

The best short programme of the week, and the best travelogue for a long time, was Sir Fitzroy Maclean's tantalizingly brief 'Road to Samarkand' (May 13).

much of a chance of surviving; one hopes he is mistaken, and is grateful that he was able to go while the going was good, but not yet too good. His impressions certainly caught the imagination: it all seemed like a journey in time as well as in space.

Not for the first time, I had my doubts about 'Lifeline's' choice of subject—the misleadingly named condition of mongolism (May 14). But it was handled with tact and restraint—and the point, as always in this series, was that such handicaps demand the unprejudiced understanding of the whole community, not just those immediately concerned. One may not exactly enjoy seeing these things on television, but on balance I feel their presentation is justified.

Several successful people were interviewed last week, but I have space to mention only one—the Duke of Bedford, who provided the quot of the week (in 'Tonight'). Interviewer: 'Would you rather have been born rich or aristocratic?' The Duke: 'I should like to have



The Fairey Delta II in 'Test Flight', the first in the series 'Eye on Research' on May 12

been born a rich aristocrat'. Interviewer: 'No, but if you had to choose'. The Duke: 'I should rather be rich. You can always buy a title later'.

K. W. GRANSDEN

## DRAMA

### Murder and Maternity

PROGRAMMES ARE NOW so oddly divided that one week is almost a drama festival and the next is a theatrical fast. During the week under review there was little in the larder. *Dark Possession* (May 14) was a contribution to shivers and shocks administered by an American specialist, Gore Vidal. The place and period were New England in 1911. There we met the daughters of the choleric and crippled General Bell, a father so churlish that any member of his household might have claimed the right to be a trifle crazy; and two of them had frightening symptoms of a deadly dementia.

In fiction and the theatre, brothers usually run in pairs and sisters in threes. True to the tradition set by the Cinderella story, *King Lear*, the Brontë family and many plays about them, and Chekhov's famous trio, General Bell had feminine issue of the right number. Charlotte had married and lost a husband (shot by his own hand or by a person unknown), Emily had wanted that husband, and Ann was as innocent as Cordelia. Charlotte received poison-pen letters calling her the murderess of her husband. The starkly jealous Emily so much seemed the murderess that she could not possibly, by the who-dunnit rules, be guilty, and Ann was a darling whose guileless charm might cover a homicidal mania according to the aforesaid regulations.

In the end we were back withekyll and Hyde: Charlotte was what our ancestors called 'possessed by the devil' and we call possessed by a split personality. Her foul familiar spirit, known as Janet, had done the deed unknown to the good angel that was Charlotte. The story ripped sufficiently for its forty-five minutes despite some very unlikely occurrences. Would a doctor, who had discovered the secret of the woman's possession and her criminal abnormality, have left her alone with his outfit of rugs including poison? Well, perhaps he did. Doctors seem always to be leaving phials of deadly potency in their cars for car-thieves to move. None the less, it was a tall story in one sense that was all the better for being a short one in the other.

The presence of Pamela Brown was a great asset to Barbara Burnham's production; her features are unusual and unusually expressive. The close-ups which revealed so graphically the mingling of the sweet and the sinister in her smiles and glances gave admirable suggestion of the abnormal and self-tormenting Charlotte. With Anne Blake stiff and menacing as Emily, and Marda Vanne as the old retainer, so patently good and faithful that she, too, might be a killer, the cast was a strong one. After that dose of psychopathic horrors one could move to the evening's next—concerned with mental deficiency. A volume of P. G. Wodehouse seemed the proper bed-book: a hot summer night had begun to require some lighter moonshine.

It is prudent to attach synopses to the complicated adventures of *The Infamous John Friend*. Television serials thrive better on the drawing of substantial characters than on intricate intrigues whose previous twists it is so easy to forget. This is why *Hilda Lessways*, based by Michael Voysey on the great Arnold Bennett story of the Clayhanger family, with the formidable Auntie Hamps, seems excellent material (May 15). Here are persons who command attention by sheer force of personality; their drama is of themselves and folk as solid as these are not likely to slither out of one's mind in a matter of seven days. Judi Dench brought out the impetuous spirit of Hilda, while William Squire gave proper unction to the manoeuvres of the adroit young lawyer on the make.

At the beginning of *Nap Hand* on Sunday



Scene from *Dark Possession* on May 14, with (left to right) Ronald Hines as Dr. Roger Waring, Greta Watson as Ann Bell, Anne Blake as Emily Bell, Pamela Brown as Charlotte Bell Wheeler, Marda Vanne as Mrs. Wicks, and William Sherwood as General Bell

I had forebodings of wearisome vulgarity to come. Fun in a maternity home with anxious husbands all a-twitter could be calculated to stimulate the giggles and chortles of those who find maternity to be what the play-advertisements used to call 'a continuous scream'. But fortunately we were soon discharged from hospital and could settle down to a farce about the exploitation of bogus 'quins'. Fortunately, also, the piece was written by Vernon Sylvaïne, who had a practised hand and knew very well just how to keep this kind of pot on the boil by setting a very hot pace.

There was a Whitehall Theatre cast which had been most efficiently directed by Jordan Lawrence. The chief business of a farce-producer is to keep us from realizing how bad the jokes really are. In this case the humour was rather less machine-made than usual; when the machine did seem to be running down Mr. Lawrence accelerated so neatly that there was no time to yawn. Brian Rix contributed his familiar exercise in a dithering self-extrication from calamity while Basil Lord glided through disaster like a gifted skater on a rough piece of ice.

Leo Franklyn had a quiet evening, as his evenings go, in the role of a visiting photographer. He had to take his snaps and then snap out of it all too soon, for in this sort of frisk he is often the best of the bunch. The

wives, having so abundantly provided the raw material of the story, had little to do but express their indignation at their husbands' antics which could well be called infantile. They charmingly assisted in mitigating the indignation which I had felt in the first bad quarter-of-an-hour.

IVOR BROWN

### Sound Broadcasting

## DRAMA

### Gothic Greenwood

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK'S *Maid Marian*, adapted by Mr. Don Yerrill, was unexpectedly entertaining (May 15, Third). Peacock's felicitous wit belongs to the printed page and even the songs which stud the novel seem intended

for reading rather than singing.

There was naturally some literary loss in this adaptation produced by Mr. Christopher Holme, but the loss was made good by the charming conspiracy of Mr. Yerrill, Mr. Holme, and Mr. Tristram Cary who shook the dust from the songs and gave them settings of lasting beauty. Mr. Walter Hudd, as Peacock, so balanced his narration that one could catch the traces of the author's neo-Gothic inspiration which mingles with genuinely romantic sentiment for a happier Theocritan past. Mr. Ian Wallace found something almost Elizabethan in his portrayal of Friar Tuck, and Miss Olive Gregg (*Maid Marian*) and Mr. Noel Johnson (*Robin Hood*) were all that the lilywhite tradition demands. Other varlets and King's men deserve praise too but their mention must go by default for some very necessary praise of Mr. Cary.

Mr. Cary was assisted in his settings of the songs by Mr. Archie Harradine, whose research produced some traditional melodies. In less able hands the

present and the traditional might have appeared to be in conflict but Mr. Cary so blended his sources of inspiration that the songs seemed to belong to one cycle. Their performance by members of the cast to the guitar of Mr. Julian Bream held up the action, which might be said to have been a flaw in production, but they held it up in a way that made one forgive both dramatic and literary loss. *Maid Marian* was delightful and ought to be heard by all those other children who do not listen to the Third Programme.

Hard upon Miss O'Farrell's *tour de force* in Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's *Mitchener's Dog*, Miss Hilda Schroder gave a brilliant performance in the name part of Herr Hermann Kesser's monologue *Nurse Henrietta* (Thursday, Home). The monologue lasted an hour and was only slightly broken by effects, which meant that Miss Schroder was at it all the time. The listener eavesdrops on Nurse Henrietta on the morning of her appearance in court to give evidence on the death of a doctor she has loved. She could have prevented his suicide but did not do so because she feared that he would return to his wife if he recovered from an illness. A man has been accused of his death and she fights in her mind with her sense of justice on the one hand and her need to protect herself on the other.

Superficially *Nurse Henrietta* can be compared

to *Mitchener's Dog* because it also involves the listener in a private drama. Herr Kesser's play is, however, more conscious of an audience and it has a structure which suggests the short story and an interest in the workings of the mind which recalls the work of the early school of German radio playwrights. Nurse Medicott babbles unconsciously while Nurse Henrietta indulges in a rigorous self-analysis. If there is a similarity between the works it is because both Mr. Guthrie and Herr Kesser are working from the hypothesis that drama can be contained within the walls of one mind and that such a drama is one that can be successfully exploited by the radio medium. Though *Mitchener's Dog* was a success and though Mr. Guthrie may be working on further similar plays, the palm rests for the moment with Herr Kesser. And when all the theory is done, the execution rests with actresses like Miss O'Farrell and Miss Schroder. There can be few in their class.

*The Sunset Hour* by Miss Margaret Summer-ton was adapted by Miss Beatrice Gilbert and told the story of a woman in search of her husband who has disappeared mysteriously. Suspense depended on uncertainty as to his whereabouts. When it was discovered that he was dying and had already been married to someone else the play ceased to worry and served only to fill in the Saturday evening of May 9 (Home).

*Mrs. Dale's Diary* continues playing its part in a class war that both the chief political parties have almost forgotten. The fact that the *Diary* keeps going says a great deal for the ingenuity and resourcefulness of its writers. If their ingenuity could extend to creating something more than permanently ignorant 'proles' and continually omniscient middle-class managing women, it might begin to say something. Gwen (Miss Aline Waites) had a good scene last week with a widower who wanted a housekeeper. She did not take the job because he expected her to work like anyone else. One curious impression that I always have when I listen to the programme is that Mrs. Dale's mother is younger than Mrs. Dale.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Frankly Inquisitive

TWO 'FRANKLY SPEAKINGS' in one week perhaps justifies another look at this perennial. To begin with, the title is an invitation to the subject which he handles at his own discretion. He can turn the ordeal (let him just try) into an exercise in impenetrability. Or more rewardingly he can make it a game of give-and-withhold. If the whole interview consists of trying to catch him off guard, then the result is part embarrassing, part baffling. Another problem, always present and never clearly settled, is the relationship between the person of the answerer and the pursuit which has made him famous enough to qualify for investigation. How far should the inquisition be addressed to each? When it comes to probing for the individual inside the public shell, a certain amount of unpleasantness can ensue. But then the appeal of this programme—unlike the tears, laughter, and recognition scenes of its television kin—arises partly from a certain acidity of flavour.

One or two recent subjects have been artists who have led the dedicated life from childhood. Nothing could be less amenable to this kind of inquiry—which is perhaps what makes it doubly tempting. A few weeks since, the questioners confronted a slightly puzzled Madame Alicia Markova with questions obviously designed to elicit some sort of confession of regret, frustration, bitterness. But what was there to regret in

a life devoted to the only thing that interested her—dancing—from the age of six? Given such a personality, inquiry might direct itself to surroundings: and since Markova was dancing for Diaghilev at a time when Picasso, Stravinsky, Falla and Cocteau were moving in and around the scenes, a glimpse or two of that background might have been more rewarding than leading questions as to possible regrets about marriage or motherhood.

This week, in the same series, two other dedicated lives came up for investigation, and neither paid off much in the way of satisfied curiosity. A concert pianist's life, divided between keyboard and airport, railway and concert platforms, offers about as much to the inquirer as a Trappist monk's. Mr. Moiseiwitsch, while obviously no Trappist, seemed slightly bored with the proceedings, and for two pins, I thought, would have asked his three interlocutors to join him in a hand at poker—that least scrutable of games. The Dowager Marchioness of Reading, on the other hand, was as kind and business-like as she would no doubt be at any committee meeting, and her highly successful career as a social servant was treated as a straightforward matter indeed. Only it was obvious that what she called 'luck' was simply an unmistakable competence and sense of vocation, duly recognized.

A different, in fact a novel technique was tried out recently when Mr. Henry Sherek, the impresario, took his turn in this series. Like the girl in the Giraudoux play who made a success of life simply by telling all the men she met how handsome they were, his gambit was simply: Flatter your questioners. Perhaps this is a trick that has to be inborn rather than acquired, but, by and large (the phrase seems irresistible in the context), it worked admirably. Apart from one or two rumbles—'Bit of a one-man band, aren't you?'—the guns were spiked, and Mr. Sherek gambolled gaily (and as it turned out, quite revealingly) over the firing-range.

When Lindley Fraser and David Woodward went off to collect the material recorded in 'The Voice of Berlin', I can only suppose they expected something very different from what they found. Instead of an appropriate chorus for a major crisis, their recordings gave us, at least so far as private individuals were concerned, the voices of the case-hardened and the couldn't-care-less, and a series of personal grumbles. If you live with an anomaly for fifteen years or so, no doubt you get used to it—even to the fact that you can't visit relatives last seen a generation ago, because they happen to live fifteen miles beyond the dividing line. While the speakers were all close up to one problem or another of this sort, it was clear that nearly all of them felt equally remote from the burning question as a whole. After all, a Geneva conference is about equi-distant from everywhere. And if these Berliners all seemed to feel equally fatalistic about a problem which is entirely out of their hands to solve, the fact is not so surprising. More surprising is the obstinacy with which Berlin, both East and West, clings to its status as the cultural capital, with a prestige that keeps the best actors and musicians concentrated there, whatever the handicaps—and whatever the lures provincial Germany can offer.

DAVID PAUL

## MUSIC

### Giants Confronted

IN ATTEMPTING TO DESCRIBE Carl Nielsen's opera *Saul and David* (Third, May 10) it is necessary to have recourse to terms and epithets belonging to the past. For this is a traditional

work and one begins immediately to seek out the tradition from which it springs. At first Handel comes to mind. Nielsen's music has a Handelian breadth and dignity, ecstasy and nobility; the Handel, one says, of the oratorios. For Nielsen does not write in the style of eighteenth-century opera, with its set arias embellished with virtuoso coloratura. (Yet what an opportunity it would be for a trio of castrati singing the parts of Saul, David, and Jonathan in an opera of that style.) Nielsen's style is simpler and more downright. Yet this is no Handelian oratorio either; it is no oratorio turned back into an opera. What misleads one into thinking of oratorio at all in what is fundamentally a work of active dramatic force is Nielsen's use of the chorus for large dramatic effects (one thinks especially of the great chorus in the third act) allied to the clear diatonic structure of the music.

One wonders how it would go on the stage. That chorus before the arrival of Samuel—what do the chief characters do while it is going on? The problem seems similar to that of Handelian opera tactics where characters have too often to stand and wait until the music allows them to come again to life. But in *Saul and David* expert stagecraft would surely overcome the difficulty and in any case such considerations must not stand in the way of production of this notable opera here as soon as possible, if only in order that those who were moved by this broadcast can test their reaction by facing up to the full stage spectacle.

The performance had its good points, especially in the choral singing and the orchestra playing. Saul (Stanislav Picczora) failed because intelligent though he seemed, he did not appear to have learned true English but had rather picked up a queer operatic version. That was a disillusionment, for his voice was pleasing good singing lamed by poor pronunciation. William Herbert's David was excellent throughout. Berthold Goldschmidt conducted and secured a vital, well balanced performance. All in all, a memorable occasion.

Orazio Vecchi's *Commedia Harmonica L'Amfiparnaso* came round again (May 12) since the first performance a year or more ago of Edward Dent's English version. This strange mixture of sixteenth-century madrigals and story telling in music was clearly and vigorously sung by the B.B.C. Midland Singers under John Lowe and sounded most effective. As Alva Liddell rightly said, the adventures of these characters from the *Commedia dell'Arte* could be taken for granted by Italian listeners of today who know by rote all about those fascinating rogues and clowns, much as we do about Punch, Judy, and Jack Ketch. But for us the antics of Pedrolino, Francatruppa, and Captain Cardoon with the others that cavort and mime across 'the great theatre of the world round and about Parnassus' need explaining; and that Mr. Liddell did most helpfully. It is an entrancing work. Vecchi is generally held nowadays to have been a skilled rather than an inspired composer. But on the evidence of *L'Amfiparnaso* he, himself a poet, showed keen insight, when it came to combining words with music, and considerable dramatic sensitivity.

The Purcell-Handel broadcast (May 14 Third Programme) had its many fine moments and introduced some remarkable and largely neglected music. This was in every way a very excellent concert with choice solo, choral, and instrumental forces marshalled to great effect and in beautifully balanced array under the baton of Professor Anthony Lewis. The event took place in the Barber Institute, Birmingham where, as many know from pleasant past experience, they do these things admirably.

The rarest and in a way the most astonishing pieces were those by Purcell, especially the

## Knight's move, or castle's?

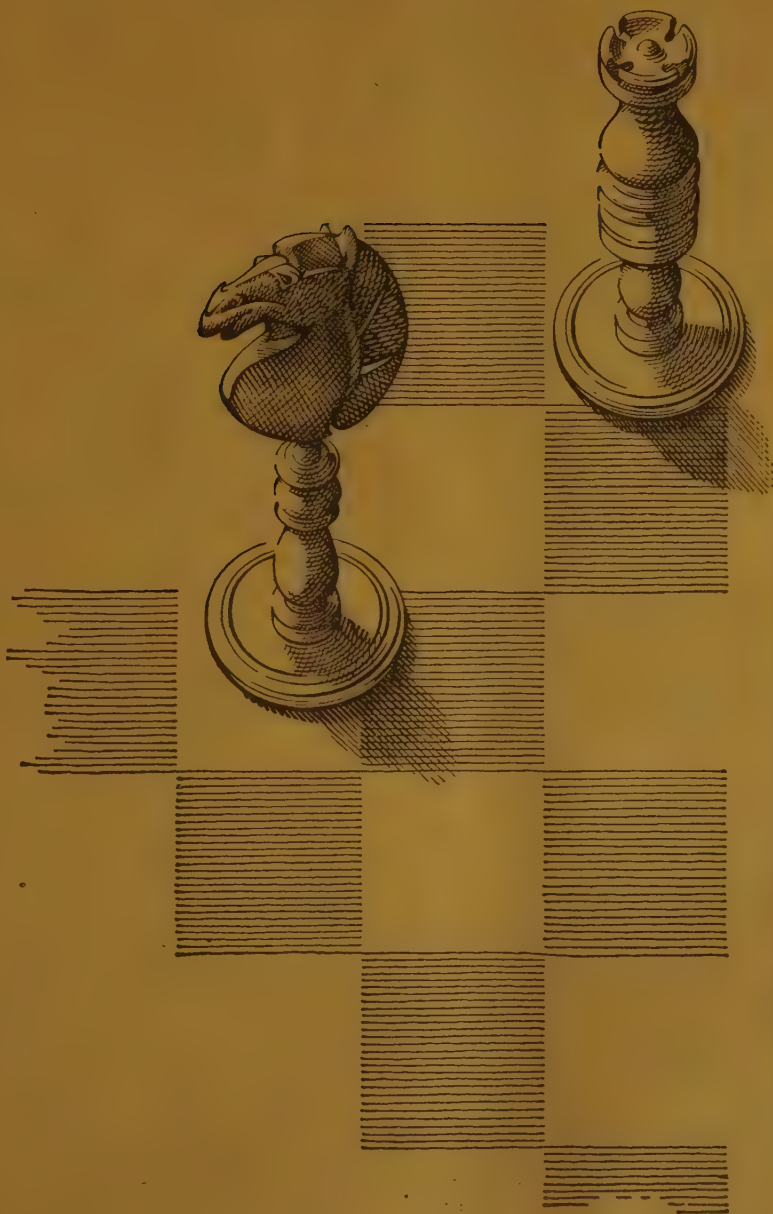
Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from Marketing to Personnel Administration . . . and all towards top management.

And a pawn can always become a Queen.

As the oil industry and the chemicals-from-petroleum industry expand, the variety of moves a man can make is constantly increasing.



**this is the world of SHELL**

resplendent 1694 Birthday Ode for Queen Mary, *Come, ye sons of art*, which takes one's breath away, so filled with vigorous invention and eloquent beauty as it is. The great final chorus, preceded by a duet for soprano and baritone, was irresistibly transporting with its accompanying blaze of trumpets. Then also the incidental music to *Bonduca*, dating from 1695, the year

of Purcell's death. There again a final chorus was memorable, preceded this time by a tenor solo clearly and attractively sung by Robert Ellis.

The Handelian part was less adventuresome. The cold hand of Italian operatic convention chilled even that bold heart and Handel, writing one must remember for a small-minded audi-

ence of London opera fans, seemed in the excerpts from *Sosarmé* less vital than Purcell in *Bonduca*. It was when we came to the Dettingen anthem, *The King shall rejoice*, with its splendid outlines in phrases of great melodic and its impeccable form of each movement and its glorious jubilation of the final Alleluias, that the true Handel appeared.

SCOTT GODDARD

## Bruckner—The Second Stage

By DERYCK COOKE

Bruckner's Second Symphony will be broadcast at 9.0 p.m. on Thursday, May 28 (Third Programme)

HOW DOES A COMPOSER come to take his rightful place in the hierarchy of the great? In some cases (Handel and Beethoven) he is accorded it more or less immediately and unanimously; in others (Bach and Schubert) he has to wait, and then the process is seen to be divisible into three stages. (1) A few people are immediately fascinated by his music, and get to know and love it. (2) Owing to their enthusiasm, the music gets performed more and more frequently, despite initial public indifference and critical hostility, until it becomes a familiar and well-loved feature of the community's musical life. (3) Complete familiarity brings complete understanding, and it becomes possible for critics and musicologists to make an objective assessment of the composer's stature.

This process often takes place at different tempos in different countries. Sibelius, for example, passed quickly through all three stages in this country, owing to the persistent advocacy of Sir Granville Bantock, Sir Henry Wood, and Sir Thomas Beecham, who forced the music through stage two; but he is still stuck at stage one in France, Germany, and Italy, since no conductor-advocates are to hand. Mahler and Bruckner have long since reached stage three in Holland, thanks to Willem Mengelberg; and Mahler is now past the middle of stage two in this country, owing to the B.B.C., the recording companies, Sir John Barbirolli, and distinguished foreign visitors.

### Public Enthusiasm, Critical Coolness

Bruckner remains at the very beginning of stage two here, a diagnosis confirmed by the usual symptoms—public enthusiasm (at the recent London performances of the second and ninth symphonies) and critical coolness. Critics are in the impossible position of trying to make a premature judgment: stages two and three are irreversible; until we know a composer's music thoroughly, an objective assessment is impossible. It is not that Bruckner's music is entirely unfamiliar; many people have heard several of his symphonies once, and some of them two or three times—but at long intervals of time. Rarity of performance prevents the absorption of them into our musical bloodstream. Few musicians could even name the keys of the nine symphonies—a state of ignorance unthinkable in relation to Dvořák and Sibelius.

During the early part of stage two, criticism inevitably boggles at those features of the music which are unprecedented, being peculiar to the composer concerned. To give a famous example, the anomalous structural procedures of Schubert's Ninth Symphony caused bewilderment and amusement at early performances in

London. There can still be two opinions as to the absolute success of Schubert's form in this work, but now that it is an old friend, its greatness (if not its perfection) is universally acknowledged. Similarly, with those who know their Bruckner, there may be two opinions about the success of various formal procedures, and sometimes complete agreement as to the failure of some, but there can be no doubt as to the intrinsic greatness of his symphonies.

### Rough-hewn Elements

Unfortunately, his case is a particularly difficult one for the newcomer. He made so many versions of his works (even allowing well-meaning advisers to force on to him further unnecessary revisions), that a general impression of uncertainty of purpose has been created. But in fact he was consciously and boldly trying to realize a new type of monumental symphony of his own conceiving, so broad, so stark, so tremendous, that it would have needed the technique of a Beethoven or a Bach to bring it off perfectly. There are undoubted faults of construction here and there in Bruckner, but it is all too easy to equate these with apparently dubious features which on closer acquaintance prove to be the highly individual conceptions of an original master. All the notorious 'faults'—the long sequences, the abortive climaxes, the sudden pauses, the final fanfare tonic chords thirty-two bars long—are not faults at all (except when they actually happen to fail): they are the positive and distinctive features of Bruckner's personal style. Without these rough-hewn elements, Bruckner would not be Bruckner, for the quintessence of his music is its bold simplicity of outline. He himself said: 'They want me to compose in a different way. I could, but I must not. Out of thousands, God gave talent to me. One day I shall have to give an account of myself. How would the Father in Heaven judge me if I followed others instead of Him?' And Neville Cardus has the truth of it: 'I know of no other composer in whose style it is as difficult as in Bruckner to suggest how the "faults" might have been remedied without concealing the Bruckner some of us have come to love'.

### Seeing the Music as a Whole

Certainly, Bruckner did not always succeed, but to imagine how an even finer technique might have succeeded every time is a profitless consideration. The first thing we need to do is to allow the music to become part of us, and to admire the much in it that is superbly successful—as we have already done with Sibelius; then, perhaps, we can see it whole, and get an objective view of its limitations and occasional failures.

One thing is certain. Bruckner's symphony cannot be made more formally excellent by cutting them, as his pupils so fondly imagined the scale is too large. The Second Symphony is a case in point; if the work is slightly unbalanced in structure, the cuts in the first printed edition only unbalance it further, the point of lop-sidedness. In both first and last movements, the coda is a double one, beginning with the same material each time but arriving at a different conclusion. Structurally, this is absolutely necessary to fit in with modified statements of material elsewhere, and to round off satisfactorily the large-scale forms as whole. The cutting of the first passage, in each case by the original editor, makes the ending less weight.

Similarly, the second theme of the Adagio, given an immediate modified restatement; when this is cut, the first theme returns before its absence has been properly established. The impatient editor wanted to remove what he considered unnecessary repetition, but actually created a moment of unduly hasty repetition, a more damaging flaw than the imaginary one he had aimed to set right. As for the deletion of all repeats in the normal-size Scherzo, and the excision of part of the second group in the finale's recapitulation; these are no more justified than they would be in a symphony of Beethoven.

### A Lovable Work

The broadcast will allow us to hear the symphony as Bruckner finally set it down (in 1877). It is an early but entirely characteristic and lovable work, containing a few uncertainties and only sometimes reaching the heights of the later symphonies. This is, paradoxically, because it contains fewer of Bruckner's 'faults': compared to the lively and satisfying Scherzo, complete in its free development of the opening theme, with the titanic Scherzo of the Eighth Symphony, which achieves its shattering effect by the dangerous procedure of obsessively repeating a one-bar figure through many keys, colours, and dynamics.

The finest movement of the Second Symphony is the Adagio, which is permeated with Bruckner's 'worst fault': frequent pauses which are in fact wonderful echoing silences. To elevate 'faulty' formal procedures of this kind to the status of outstanding virtues is a hallmark of genius.

Booking has now opened for the performance of Purcell's *King Arthur*, which is being given by the B.B.C. in the Royal Festival Hall on June 17, 8.0 p.m., as part of the Handel-Purcell celebration. The Goldsbrough Orchestra, the B.B.C. Chorus and soloists, will be conducted by Stanley Poole.

more and more gardeners agree—

# ATCO cuts much more than grass!

ATCO cuts much more in many other ways—it cuts *time*, it cuts *labour*, and, through the nation-wide ATCO service, it cuts *maintenance*.

ATCO—famous as manufacturers of the world's finest lawn mowers—make a complete range of grass cutting equipment, from the 14" 4 Stroke for small lawns, up to the 34" model for very large areas of grass.

There are many types of rougher growth, however, for which the models illustrated here are particularly suitable.

With all these outstanding advantages, an ATCO is a wise investment—a *life-long* investment for the man who looks ahead. Is your interest growing? Then see your ATCO dealer as soon as you can.

Every ATCO is available for a very low deposit and excellent H.P. Terms. Consult your ATCO dealer now or write ATCO works for details and free Colour brochure.

By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen  
Motor Mower Manufacturers  
Charles H. Pugh Ltd.



## THE new 14 inch 4-STROKE



It's easier than ever to use the new Atco 4-strokes! Instant starting and reliable running from the Atco-Villiers AV3 4-stroke engine, further improved kick starter, simpler height-of-cut adjustment, front roller scraper for accurate mowing in wet conditions, extra large capacity "hooded" grass-box, brighter green finish—these are some of the new features.

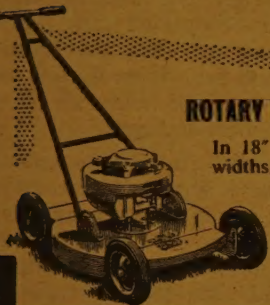


## SIDEWHEEL MOTOR MOWER

In 20" and 24" cutting widths. Designed to cut quickly large areas of grass, such as paddocks, verges or orchards. Fully power-propelled. Cuts grass of lengths well outside the range of roller type models.

## ROTARY MOTOR MOWER

In 18" and 21" cutting widths. Deals effectively with large areas of rougher growth where a close mown finish is not required.



CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., P.O. Box No. 256, Atco Works, Birmingham 9



## J. S. Bach SAINT MATTHEW PASSION

*Choruses  
and  
Chorales*

Choir and  
Boys' Choir  
of  
ST. HEDWIG'S  
CATHEDRAL,  
BERLIN

conducted by  
KARL FORSTER



Photo by Lotta Meisner-Graf

The sleeve of this fine His Master's Voice record reproduces a wooden sculpture in the crypt of the Chapel of the Schloss Ranna, Wachau, Austria.

ALP1572



REEL TRADE MARK OF  
THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD.

M.I. RECORDS LTD., 8-11 GREAT CASTLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

# 4 1/2%

income tax paid by the Society -  
the equivalent of a gross yield (with income  
tax at the standard rate of 7/9d. in the £) of **7 1/4%**

**NO FIXED TERM RESTRICTIONS  
WITHDRAWAL AT ONE MONTH'S NOTICE**

A sound investment with a good return is offered by  
the West London Investment Building Society  
established 1879, on Share Accounts from £1 to £5,000.

## WEST LONDON INVESTMENT BUILDING SOCIETY

For free brochure complete this coupon and send it to:—

C. MONTAGUE, F.A.C.C.A., F.B.S.,  
West London Investment Building Society,  
199 Uxbridge Road, W.12.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



## TODAY'S LOWEST TRANSATLANTIC AIR FARES LONDON AND GLASGOW TO THE U.S.A.

(via REYKJAVIK)

### LOW SEASON

FROM LONDON: £143.5.0 Return

FROM GLASGOW: £131.9.0 Return

### HIGH SEASON

FROM LONDON: £159.14.0 Return

FROM GLASGOW: £147.18.0 Return

HIGH SEASON . . . WESTBOUND . . . 1st July to 30th September

HIGH SEASON . . . EASTBOUND . . . 16th May to 15th August

TOP TOURIST STANDARD WITH DRINKS AND FULL MEAL  
SERVICE IN FLIGHT AND ON THE GROUND

## IMMEDIATE SPACE AVAILABLE

Consult your personal Travel Agent



# ICELANDIC AIRLINES LTD

London Office: 45 SOUTH AUDLEY ST W1 Telephone: GRO 6721

Glasgow Office: 62 BUCHANAN ST C1 Telephone: CITY 3166



## ODD EGGS

By PODALIRIUS

An odd egg has just been put on a pedestal by some scientists; and as promptly knocked off by some others. There is, you see, a substance in blood called cholesterol, and there is also a kind of fat that is beyond your ken; and certainly beyond mine, unless I think very hard. But saturated is the word; and for another kind of fat the word is unsaturated. If you translate them to read respectively solid fat and runny fat, you won't be far wrong.

Now there can be too much cholesterol in the blood; and there is too much in that of many Western people—too much in the sense that it may give rise to illness. What raises the level of cholesterol?—Saturated fats, which come from animals. What lowers it?—Yes, unsaturated fats, which come from plants and fish. Some doctors are now advising a few patients to consume more fish oil or corn oil, and less butter and fat meat and eggs.

Less eggs, did he say? He did. And two scientists, appalled perhaps by the thought of kippers for breakfast for good, have been producing a new kind of egg, or rather encouraging some hens to do so. They fed them on sunflower seed oil, noted that the desired change in the fat of the eggs was produced, and then fed the fruits of their experiment to two people. "Fed" is a euphemism: for eleven days these two people ate ten "experimental" eggs a day. Whether they ate anything else is unrecorded, as are their comments over breakfast on day eleven. What did emerge was that in one of the two volunteers the blood cholesterol fell. In the other it behaved less spectacularly, though never reaching its pre-ovular level; and in that second volunteer old-fashioned eggs sent the level up again in no time at all.

This was very gratifying to the scientists. However, to halt you in your mad rush to get out and feed sunflower seed oil to your feathered fellow-workers, let me say that another group of scientists have carried out a similar experiment, but with quite dissimilar results.

What the final reckoning will be time alone will tell. Time and the scientists. Just for the moment they have gotten themselves into a bit of a tangle, and you and I may still thwack the big or the little end, as the fancy takes us, without having to exclaim: "But, my dear, you don't expect me to eat one with a lion on it—not in nineteen ninety-five." Or is it still only fifty-nine?

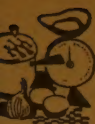
\* \* \*

Obviously, Podalirius, the hens are wise to the scientists and are determined to continue laying the sort of egg their mother laid. For the time being the issue is clouded by a haze of sunflower seeds, and the ordinary egg-consuming breakfast eater can do nothing about his saturated egg—except enjoy it. But he will, if he is wise, see to it that his diet contains all the vital nutrients essential to good health, even though they are often deficient in the modern diet. How? Simply by sprinkling a little Bemax on his food each day. For Bemax is stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man.

THE BEST OF PODALIRIUS. A second series of selected Podalirius articles is now available in booklet form. Write to the address below for your free copy.

Issued in the interests of the nation's health by  
Vitamins Limited, Upper Mall, London, W.6.

# Suggestions for the Housewife



## Cut-and-Come-Again

'CUT-AND-COME-AGAIN'—a generous name for a most accommodating vegetable. It fills in that expensive gap when winter vegetables are over and summer ones are not ready. Here is a delicious way to cook cut-and-come-again (or cottage kale).

Wash it well and cut out the stalks. Place in a pan with a sprinkling of salt and pour on boiling water, by degrees, until the greens are most covered. (The water must be boiling to retain a bright green colour). Cook until soft, drain in a colander, and keep back a good cupful of the water in which it was boiled. Run the leaves under the cold tap, squeeze with a wooden spoon, place on a board and chop. Put a good knob of butter into a saucepan, and when melted add an equal quantity of flour, and smooth with a wooden spoon, cooking until bubbles. Draw aside, and add the cup of hot water, stirring all the time. Replace over heat, bring to the boil, season with black pepper and salt. Now add the chopped kale, reheat and serve.

Cut-and-come-again goes well with Bœuf Bourguignon. For this dish take:

- 1½ lb. of best lean stewing beef
- 2 onions
- 1 carrot
- 2 oz. of butter
- 2 oz. of flour
- Bouquet garni, salt, pepper
- 3 cups of red wine, or 1½ cups of red wine and 1½ cups of good brown stock

The success of this dish depends on two

things: a heavy stew pan and the maintenance of a low steady temperature. Divide the meat into cubes. Melt the fat in the pan; when there is a blue haze throw in the meat and sear well both sides. Remove the meat and put on a hot plate. Add the chopped onions and carrots and cook till soft. Put back the meat and sprinkle in the flour, turn all over, stir till smooth, and after a minute or two add the red wine by degrees. Season, and insert a *bouquet garni* (three or four sprigs of parsley, a sprig of thyme, a sprig of marjoram, if liked, and a small bay leaf, with some black and white peppercorns. I have little muslin bags for herbs and peppercorns, attached to a fine long string, which I tie to the handle of the lid. It is easy then to test for seasoning and withdraw at will. The bags can be washed and used many times). The lid of the pan should be tight-fitting. If there is any chance of steam escaping place a piece of grease-proof paper under it, taking care that there are no corners likely to catch fire. The dish should now simmer for three hours.

ANNE BEATON

applications of something soothing, such as calamine cream.

SISTER RAYNER

## Notes on Contributors

ARTHUR S. LINK (page 871): Harmsworth Professor of American History, Oxford University; Professor of History, Northwestern University, Illinois; author of *Woodrow Wilson and the Progressive Era*, *Wilson the Diplomatist*, etc.

CHRISTOPHER RALLING (page 873): programme assistant in the B.B.C.'s English Service broadcasting to Europe; has just spent a year in Australia as a Fellow of the British Memorial Foundation

J. P. CORBETT (page 879): Lecturer in Philosophy, Oxford University

SIR FITZROY MACLEAN, Bart. (page 881): M.P. (Conservative) for Lancaster since 1941, author of *Eastern Approaches*, etc.

REYNER BANHAM (page 884): Lecturer in the History of Art, L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts

JOHN CHARLTON (page 886): an Inspector of Ancient Monuments, Ministry of Works; a Vice-President of the Royal Archaeological Institute

ROBERT LATHAM (page 888): Reader in High Temperature Physics, Imperial College, London University

ANDRE VAN GYSEGHEM (page 896): actor and producer; author of *Theatre in Soviet Russia*

## Avoiding Sunburn

A couple of hours of hot sun on skin that has been covered by woollens all the winter can result in a painful burn. Use a bland substance on the skin to prevent it from drying too much—lanolin or something similar—and do not just lie in the sun without covering up until your tan is well established. The treatment for sunburn is rest, plenty of drinks, and lavish

## Crossword No. 1,512.

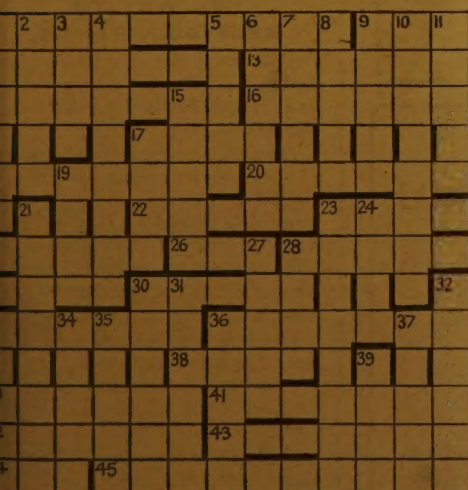
## Cook's Tour—V.

## By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 28. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Each of the fourteen items of food or drink is clued (in italics) simply by the name of the region in which it is normally found. Three of them appear in *Chambers's* under slightly different words. Solvers in need of reviving after completing the puzzle will find that the unchecked letters of these items can form the message: I'VE RARE RUM-NOG



## CLUES—ACROSS

1. Scotland (10, hyphen)
9. Japan (3)
12. The newt achieves half the descent obliquely (7)
13. The taste of Scots borders to trouble the Government (6)
14. One of the sour cherries gathered at the Queen's coronation in Spring? (7, hyphen)
16. Guiana (6)
17. It may be responsible for more of our forebears, if traced back! (4)
18. Ancient river ebbs and sinks, revealing fishing-nets (7, hyphen)
20. Count once more keeps soak at arm's length (6)
22. Locked in a mildewy attic, he wrote *To His Lute* (5)
23. Banter once used to flow in the bar (4)
25. Not clever, but backward, like a marmoset (5)
26. Have a swell time when son's away (3)
28. Old-fashioned rows are just the reverse of what's wanted on the Sabbath (5)
29. The flat boat's looking threatening—jettison the cod (4)
30. Spain (5)
33. S. America (6)
36. Italy (7)
38. Walked back to get sulky (4)
40. Poured over six gallons roughly on the journalist's head (6)
41. Australia (7)
42. The unemployed love to tease, and I can't be excluded! (6)
43. According to the French, base silver must be returned for a couple of centimes (7)
44. India (3)
45. Holland (10)

## DOWN

1. W. Indies (6)
2. We object to what ladies keep hidden, but it's the custom (5)
3. Scandinavia (4)
4. Will of George Eliot's youth is going to litigation (8)
5. Lamentations being set after brief selections from Kings and Ephesians (5)
6. Forest clearing requires skill, with a horsy type leading the way (6)

7. Made ardent with love and a bit of necking thrown in—the little beast (6)
8. Sort of square, chaste, all stuck up, makes one blow one's top! (5)
9. This order will put double into employment (5)
10. Carp, a fish that's rapidly going off (8)
11. A small recess before the wreath's taken up (5)
15. Goddess, wildly worshipped, panics to sky (5)
17. Sheds in which cars may be kept (4)
19. Here you may find nothing kept quite under cover! (4)
21. The dead like the way the bier goes under it! (8, hyphen)
23. To take after me, rebels must be dashing (8)
24. Gambling game settled in an eternity (4)
27. Previously a warning cry (5)
28. The foster-child could be a relic of feudal times (4)
30. I, being old, must go round to look up what was the correct thing (6)
31. Held tot in female's embrace (6)
32. Africa (6)
33. India (5)
34. The lint I shall be plastered in (5)
35. N. America (5)
36. Climbing to instigate work, I'm protected by bony scales (5)
37. Old alchemist's elixir obtainable with paltry cent (5)
39. Almost completely free (4)

## Solution of No. 1,510

1	4	3	9	3	7	2	4	1
4	4	1	0	6	5	9	1	8
1	3	4	1	9	0	7	7	2
5	1	1	1	1	1	2	4	5
4	7	2	8	7	2	1	3	0
3	9	5	3	1	4	6	7	2
2	9	0	5	4	1	2	6	1
3	7	8	2	8	4	3	6	2

## NOTES

1. If  $\theta_1 = \frac{1}{2}a(a+1)$   $\theta_2 = \frac{1}{2}b(b+1)$   $\phi = \theta_1 + \theta_2$  then  $4\phi + 1 = (a+b)^2 + (a+b+1)^2$ . Selecting values of  $a, b$  ( $a > b$ ), which lead to values of  $\theta$  satisfying the given conditions,  $\alpha = a - b$ ,  $\beta = a + b + 1$ .
2. For values of  $\theta = p^2$ , the values of  $p$  are the coefficients of  $x, x^2, x^3, \dots$  in  $(1 - 6x + x^2)^{-1}$  viz.  $p = 6, 35, 204, 1189, \dots$

1st prize: H. G. Elcock (Luton); 2nd prize: R. Holmes (London, E.18); 3rd prize: G. A. Hunt (Old Coulsdon).

## Study at Home for a DEGREE

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without attending the University; it is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You can read for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Postal Courses have enabled thousands of men and women to graduate and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.B., Director of Studies, Dept. FE85.

**WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD**

### HOUSE PARTY HOLIDAYS

You and your family will enjoy the informal atmosphere of a House Party of professional people.

Our House Parties are held in attractive country houses by the sea in Britain (Cornwall, Norfolk, Sussex), at Kitzbuehel in the Austrian Tyrol, Lenk in the Bernese Oberland, Cattolica on the Italian Riviera and near Stockholm in Sweden.

House Parties are equally suitable for young people going on their own and for families with children for whom there are special reductions. There is opportunity for foreign language practice and child supervision is available.

Costs from 8½ gns. per week in Britain from 27½ gns. 2 weeks Abroad

**ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.**  
47 (LR) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7  
KENSington 0911 and 8881

### MUSIC FESTIVALS ABROAD

**SALZBURG VIENNA AIX-EN-PROVENCE  
LUCERNE MUNICH PASSAU ROME  
VERONA**

Inclusive arrangements with tickets provided for many operatic performances (details on request) including "Magic Flute", "Figaro", "Cosi Fan Tutte", "Don Carlos", "Othello", "Orpheus and Eurydice", "Elektra", "Arianna", "Il Mondo della Luna", etc.

Inclusive charges from  
39 guineas for 14 days

Illustrated programme (including, also, particulars of Language Study Courses and Art and Architecture Parties abroad)

FROM

**HAROLD INGHAM LTD.,**  
15 ST. JOHN'S ROAD, HARROW  
HARrow 1040 & 1087

### The INTERNATIONAL HOLIDAY SCHOOL

at glorious **GRANADA** from 15 June to 25 August is the holiday for people of all ages who want (1) to learn or continue Spanish under expert guidance, and/or (2) to take part in a unique Course held in English, French or Spanish on Spanish painting, sculpture, music, drama, Flamenco, guitar and dancing, and (3) to enjoy the most delightfully "un-touristic" vacation ever offered. Minimum stay two weeks. Fees low. Accommodation good. Camping facilities available. Before fixing your summer holidays, get details (International Postal Coupon, please) from **INSTITUTO DE LENGUAS MODERNAS, APARTADO 244, GRANADA, SPAIN.**

KING EDWARD VII'S HOSPITAL FOR OFFICERS

(SISTER AGNES'S)

Supported by Voluntary Contributions

Needs Your Help

PLEASE LISTEN TO  
**JACK HAWKINS**

AT 8.25 p.m.

ON SUNDAY, 24th MAY

BBC HOME SERVICE

Send a Donation to:

**JACK HAWKINS, ESQ.**

Beaumont House, Beaumont St., London, W.1

## Speedhand

is far and away the easiest of all shorthands to learn, to write and to read; the reason is that it uses the ordinary letters of the alphabet. Speedhand enables every word in the language to be condensed and instantly read back, the Speedhand form indicating the sound of the English word. Here is a fast, efficient phonetic shorthand which you are guaranteed to be able to learn in 20 hours (the "short course" in only 9 hours) without correspondence lessons. For full particulars of the new edition of the Speedhand Manual, and free trial lesson, please write to **THE SCHOOL OF SPEEDHAND** (Dept. L.55) Hills Road, Cambridge

## A policy for your child

£12 a year paid from birth will provide

**£330 in cash at age 21**

or a life policy for £1,050 with profits

OR

**£415 in cash at age 25**

or a life policy for £1,125 with profits

Write for details for a child of any age up to 16

## The Equitable Life Assurance Society

(founded 1762)

19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

### STORIES WANTED

Suitable stories are revised by us and submitted to editors on a 15% of sales basis. Unsuitable stories are returned with reasons for rejection. Address your MS. to Dept. 32.

**WE TEACH ONLY**

**FICTION-WRITING**

Criticism and Courses for the discerning by specialists. For 20 years we have been receiving testimonials from full- and part-time authors, professors, doctors, high-ranking officers and officials—all types. Many of the authors you read are ex-students. Our unique system of taking 10% of your sales monies ensures our maximum efforts on your behalf. Fee returned if unearned.

The Professional Touch is FREE from Dept. 32

**BRITISH INSTITUTE**

of

**FICTION-WRITING SCIENCE LIMITED**

Chronicle House, Fleet St. London EC4

## TV urgently needs scripts!

Our correspondence course can teach you to write scripts that sell. Producer Dennis Vance will buy The School's best play for production. £250 annual award, options and consolation awards to five next best.

Prospectus and details from  
Dept. T.1

**TELEVISION WRITING SCHOOL**  
7 HARLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

## UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students for

**General Certificate of Education**

London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, etc.

**London Univ. Degree**

B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., B.M.

**A.C.P., L.C.P., Law, and other exams**

Staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees

★ **PROSPECTUS** free from the Registrar

**56 BURLINGTON HOUSE**

**CAMBRIDGE**

### SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATION

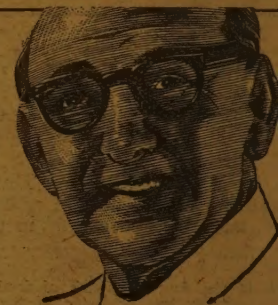
A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparing for the **General Certificate of Education** and Preliminary Examinations: for B.A., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., etc., for the **London University Degrees**: for the **Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations**: for professional exams in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretarialship and Personnel Management: for **I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc.** exams. Many intensely practical (non-examination) courses in business subjects.

**MORE THAN 250,000 EXAM. SUCCESSFUL**  
Guarantee of Coaching until Success  
Text-book Lending Library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects which interested to the Secretary (D)

**METROPOLITAN COLLEGE**  
ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4



## LOOSE DENTURES

**THE WAY TO SELF-ASSURANCE**

Follow the advice of your Dentist and you can be sure your dentures will remain comfortable and secure throughout each day.

Dentists recommend daily use of Corega—the so sure, so safe *vegetable fixative*. A sprinkle on your plate provides a strong suction bond which gives perfect adhesion, and makes your dentures feel actually a part of your mouth.

Get a tin from your chemist today; use it and see how self-assured you become as you talk, laugh and enjoy your meals.

For Denture Comfort, Use

**COREGA**

The fixative Dentists recommend